Aug. 20, 1949

THE NEW YORKER

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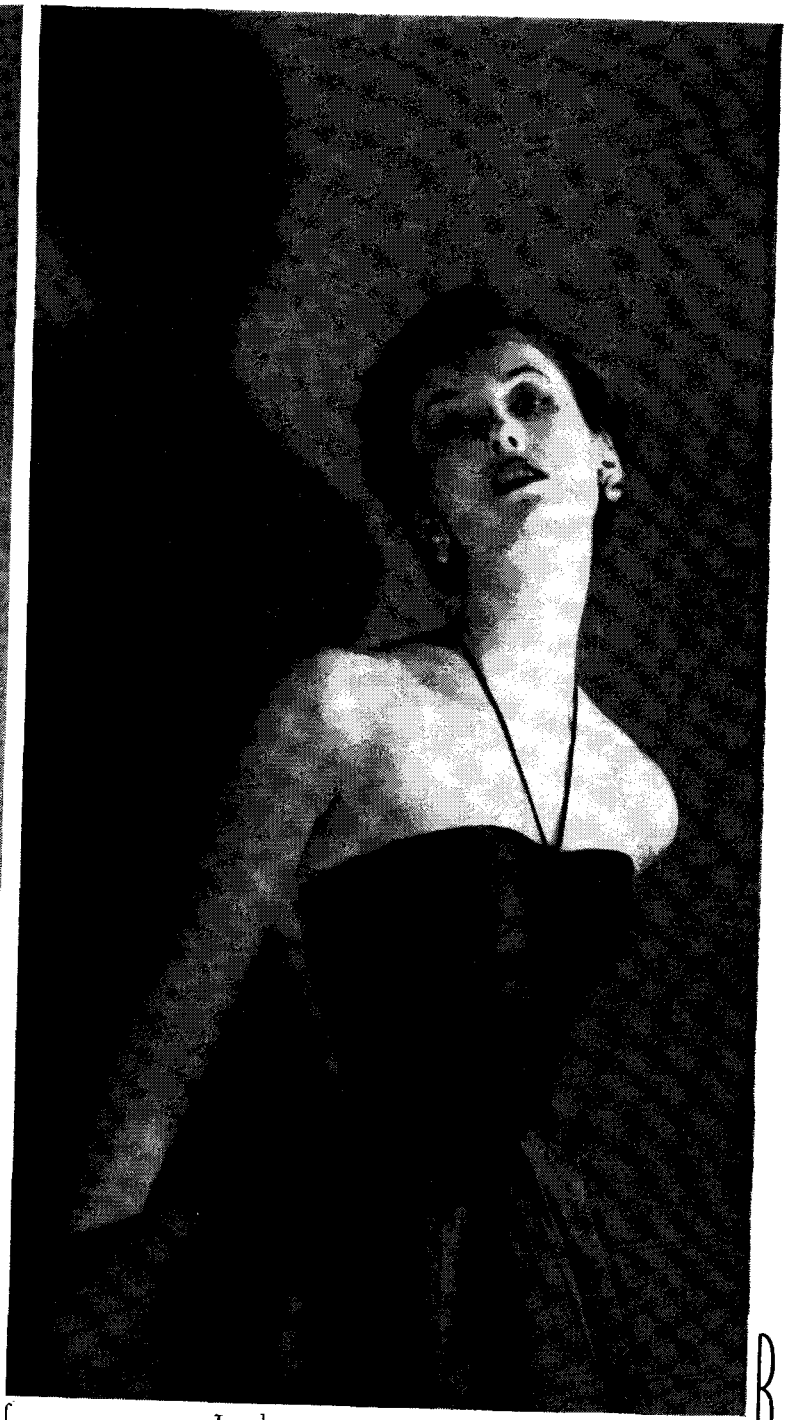

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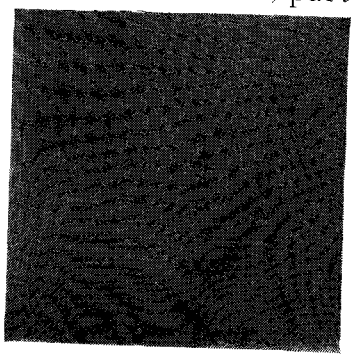

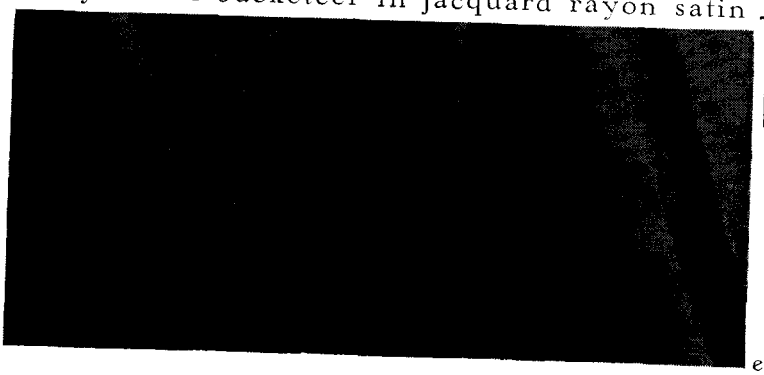

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anne of the Thousand Days—Maxwell Anderson's tribute to Henry's second wife, with Rex Harrison and Joyce Redman, reopens Monday, Aug. 22. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Death of a Salesman—This fine play about a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more is impressively acted and superbly staged. Lee J. Cobb is exemplary in the leading role. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Detective Story—Sidney Kingsley's play, laid in a New York police station, is rather complicated by a social message, but it is still lively and amusing. Ralph Bellamy is convincing as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Goodbye, My Fancy—A play concerning a college president, a famous congresswoman, and a *Life* photographer. Slick but entertaining. With Ruth Hussey and Conrad Nagel. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Martita Hunt, Estelle Winwood, John Carradine, and Nydia Westman reopen Monday, Aug. 22, in Jean Giraudoux's witty play. (Royale, 45th St. W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—born yesterday: The piece about a conniving junk dealer. With Joan Morgan. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts**: Henry Fonda still patrolling the deck of a Navy cargo ship. With Robert Keith and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a streetcar named desire**: Tennessee Williams' drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Now with Uta Hagen and Ralph Meeker. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

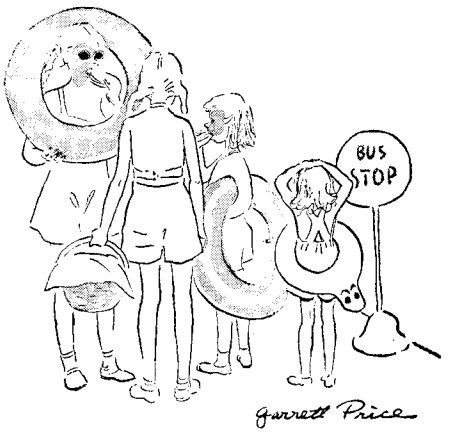
MUSICALS

Kiss Me, Kate—A captivating show, very vaguely based on "The Taming of the Shrew," that offers some of Cole Porter's best music and lyrics, and splendid performances by Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lend an Ear—Charles Gaynor did the sketches, lyrics, and music for this revue, which is certainly one of the bright spots in town. The cast, made up mostly of newcomers to Broadway, includes Carol Channing, William Eythe, and Yvonne Adair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Miss Liberty—The Berlin-Sherwood-Hart musical about a girl who may or may not have posed for that statue in the Harbor. It has a few nice tunes and some fair dancing, but otherwise it is a distinct disappointment. Eddie Albert, Allyn McLerie, and Mary McCarty head the cast, but Ethel Griffies unquestionably provides most of the fun. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

South Pacific—Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan have collaborated triumphantly on this musical about the war in the Pacific. Ezio Pinza contributes a



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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remarkable singing and acting performance, and Mary Martin is delightful in the other leading role. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Where's Charley?—The addition of Ray Bolger and Frank Loesser's neat, fresh tunes do wonders for this old chestnut, which used to be called "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Howdy, Mr. Ice of 1950," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Cabalgata—A Spanish revue, with singers and flamenco dancers. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(In this listing you may find a summer theatre within a reasonable distance of where you happen to be in the country. Dates and program schedules are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, Aug. 18: "For Love or Money." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20: "The Torch Bearers." Monday, Aug. 22: "The Hasty Heart." Tuesday, Aug. 23: "Imaginary Invalid." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25: "Count Your Blessings." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27: "Imaginary Invalid." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Bar Harbor—Through Sunday, Aug 21: "The Late Christopher Bean." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28: "The Bat." (Bar Harbor Playhouse, Bar Harbor, Maine. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "The Heiress." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: "Pygmalion." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "Rain." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 24-27: "But Not Goodbye." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Elliott Nugent in "The Fundamental George," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Carol Stone in "Anna Christie." (South Shore Playhouse, Town Hall, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn in "The Philadelphia Story." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Helen Hayes in "Good Housekeeping," a new play. (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Helen Hayes in "Good Housekeeping," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Gertrude Lawrence in "September Tide." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Susan Peters in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Grace and Paul Hartman in "Up to Now," a new revue. (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "Slightly Married." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Ruth Chatterton in "Lovers and Friends." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: "Best Foot Forward." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Ann Harding in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Arthur Treacher in "Blithe Spirit." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Lake Placid—Through Saturday, Aug. 20 (end of the season): "The Petrified Forest." (Lake Placid Drama Festival, Lake Placid, N.Y. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Raymond Massey in "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight in "Western Wind," a new play. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday, Aug. 20, at 2:45.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Hel-

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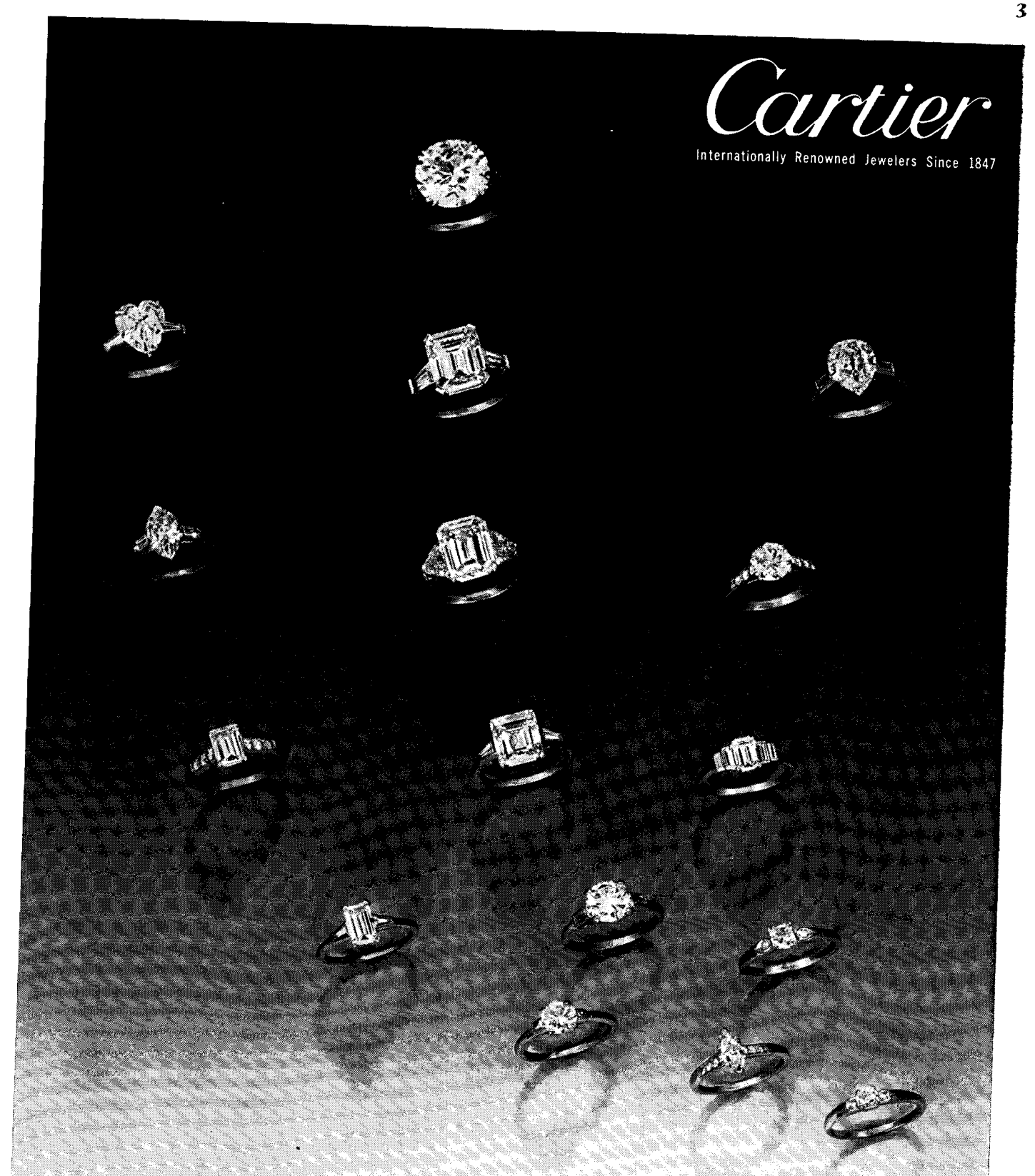

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

mut Dantine in "No Time for Comedy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Eva Le Gallienne in "The Corn Is Green." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Middlebury—Through Sunday, Aug. 21: "For Love or Money." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28 (end of the season): "Night Must Fall." (Green Mountain Playhouse, Middlebury, Vt. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30.)

Millburn—"The Desert Song." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "Her Cardboard Lover." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: "The Barker." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 18: "Androcles and the Lion." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25: "The Quick and the Dead." Friday, Aug. 26: "Ladies in Arms." Saturday, Aug. 27: "The Mistress of the Inn." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "Three Men on a Horse." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: "The Swan." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Paul Lukas in "Accent on Youth." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Helmut Dantine in "No Time for Comedy." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "The Voice of the Turtle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Paul Lukas in "Accent on Youth." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, Aug. 21: "Charm." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28: John Loder and Vicki Cummings in "For Love or Money." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 21: "The Heiress." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28: "Jenny Kissed Me." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "Mr. Arcularis," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: "Eastward in Eden." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Grace and Paul Hartman in "Up to Now," a new revue. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27 (end of the season): "The Voice of the Turtle." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Sunday, Aug. 21: Elisabeth Bergner in "Amphitryon 38." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28: Kay Francis in "Let Us Be Gay." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

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Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Sidney Blackmer in "Strange Bedfellows." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Fay Bainter in "O Mistress Mine." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Sunday, Aug. 21: "Arsenic and Old Lace." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28: "The Torch Bearers." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: "On Approval." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Leo G. Carroll in "Jenny Kissed Me." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 20: Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight in "Western Wind," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 22-27: Sarah Churchill and Jeffrey Lynn in "The Philadelphia Story." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 21: "On Borrowed Time." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28: "Country Matters," a new play. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Iva Kitchell, Ruth Page, members of the Ballet Theatre, and others, in a series of ballet programs. (Lee, Mass. Fridays and Saturdays, Aug. 19-20, and Aug. 26-27, at 4 and 9.) . . . **American Dance Festival:** Ballet programs, including several new works, with Valerie Bettis, José Limón, Jane Dudley, Sophie Maslow, William Bales, and others. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20, at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 20-21, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the subterranean Garden, which is down among the New York Central's tracks, Jules Lande's dance orchestra is ensconced. No music Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Dancing indoors to the fervid music of Xavier Cugat's orchestra, which is spelled now and then by Bill McCune's band. Outdoors, an informal garden with an interesting view of Broadway. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's and Don Bestor's orchestras provide dance music in the Cascades roof garden at dinner and supper every evening but Sunday. Kathryn Duffy's dancers bounce about while the customers rest.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Dorothy Donegan gives the local piano a sound thrashing. Coleman Hawkins' band keeps things going, too, and Cliff Jackson plays interlude piano. Closed Mondays.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Jay Marshall, W. C. Handy, and some delectable ballet girls add a certain verve to the generally sedate proceedings here. Dance music by Billy Banks' band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A hunting lodge within convenient commuting distance of Wall Street. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Stanley Worth's music every day for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, luxurious and picturesque as can be, offers Nicolas Matthey's and Payson Ré's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, a handsome and breezy place, has dinner and supper dancing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to every afternoon and evening.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The patter of tiny feet and the babble of young voices far, far into the night. An orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—After nine, Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing and Romolo de Spirito sings. On Wednesday, Aug. 24, the singing team of Jon and Sondra Steele will replace Mr. de S.

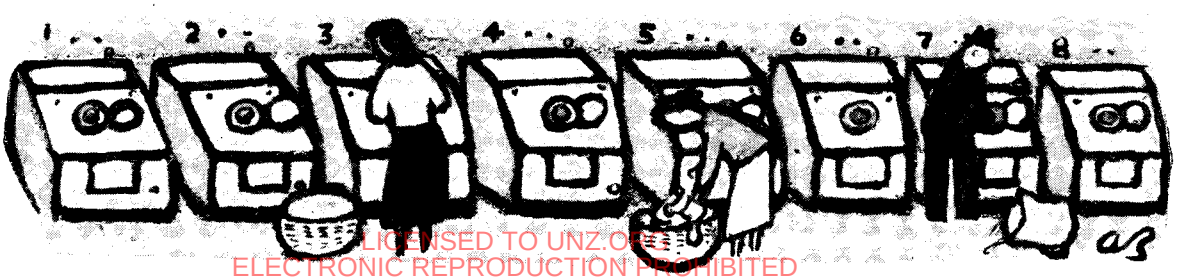
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, dancing all evening, except Sundays, to Freddy Martin's orchestra, aided after the dinner hour by Mischa Borr's energetic band. Mr. Borr is in charge on Sundays, when the room closes at ten.

Note: For dinner and dance music out in the open, there is the **Tavern-on-the-Green**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (RH 4-4700), where trees and other greenery are close by and the taxi horns sound far away.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(*No dancing, unless noted.*)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Kelley, Jr. (at cocktail time and dinner), and Cy Walter (later in the evening), playing the kind of piano we mortals play only in our dreams. On Monday, Aug. 22, Les Crosley returns to take over the whole show. Closed Sundays. . . . **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis's sprightly band for dancing after eight-thirty; Ernie Warren plays interlude piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A plausible reminder of upper-bracket speakeasy days, with Rudy Barron's violin music every evening but Monday, and Marshall Grant's trio after ten every evening but Sunday. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Still a home away from home for the Westchester and Manhasset groups. Easygoing piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 0-3561): A cool haven for cliff dwellers, wherein Eve Young sings girlishly but engagingly. Closed Sundays. . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Louise Howard's caustic examination of the mannerisms of ladies who sing for their supper. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute chipper double piano. Sunday is old-silent-movie night. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American hurly-burly, interrupted only when the patrons indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the sumptuous bar, a Joseph's-coat example of interior decorating, Harry Meyerowitz's cocktail piano and (except Tuesdays) Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800): Cy Coleman's fretwork on the piano in the café bar every evening but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A lightweight summer bill, helped along considerably by the singing of Mindy Carson. Those large and lavish Copa showgirls are something to look at, summer or winter. Dancing. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Harry Richman, a name that should ring a bell in the ears of most New Yorkers. Martha Raye, too, unveiling some rather dubious humor. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, from dinner until early morning, the pianos of Eadie and Rack sing their sweet siren songs. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mary Lou Williams, raising bebop piano to a new level, with the occasional aid of the J. C. Heard Trio, which also plays for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy, spinning out those ageless ditties about people who are awfully bad citizens but awfully good company; Mabel Mercer, singing the songs Alec Wilder and allied spirits write especially for her. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his hold-on-to-your-hat trumpet style, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, and other such Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano whenever they stop to cool their instruments. Tuesday nights are unrestrained free-for-alls, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, a vigorous collection of roman candles. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet, Kansas Fields, Sammy Price, and Big Chief Russell Moore, making a very fancy to-do. Don Frye is at the piano in between. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Now and then, Wilbur de Paris's talented septet, which includes Sidney de Paris, breaks away from its waltzes and rumbas and gets real primitive. Supper dancing only, and no music Mondays. . . . **RIVIERA LOUNGE,** Seventh Ave. at 4th St. (WA 9-9663): A neat bandbox, in which, after ten every night except Monday, Willie the Lion Smith, equipped with an ancient cigar and an ancient Steinway, turns out rough, tough music. Art Hodes plays piano Mondays through Fridays, and such useful citizens as Tony Parenti, Herb Ward, and Frank Orchard help out now and then. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Wednesday, Aug. 24, the bands of Count Basie and Charlie Ventura, providing thunder on both left and right. The following evening, Louis Armstrong brings to town perhaps the finest set of strolling minstrels on record, among them Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, and Cozy Cole. Closed Mondays. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Errol Garner, engulfed in a 52nd Street smoke screen, playing just the sort of piano you'd expect of him.

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Henry Busse's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays its customary handsomely orchestrated music. Closed Sundays.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Steve Kisely's band; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Maximillian Bergere's orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): The Sonny Kendis Trio every night but Tuesday.

DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** The Moorings (Cold Spring Harbor 998); Harold Cooke at the piano, except Mondays. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 378); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 960); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 2667). . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers' Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings; closed Mondays. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342). . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **MAMARONECK, N.Y.:** Le Postillon (Mamaroneck 9-5048); closed Mondays. . . . **MANHASSET, L.I.:** Mori's (Manhasset 1842); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-0253); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . ¶ Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-0839). . . . **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . **WESTON, CONN.:** Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 490); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries in the city open around 10 and close between 5 and 6 Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **SERIGRAPH,** 38 W. 57th St.: A large, diverse collection of silk-screen prints, sensitively executed; through Sept. 16. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57th St.: A show combining the work of a number of noteworthy American painters of several decades ago—Albert P. Ryder, Ralph Blakelock, and George Luks among them—with that of some contemporary artists, including Jean Liberte and Sol Wilson; through Sept. 9. . . . **SALPETER,** 36 W. 56th St.: Some small pictures, uneven in quality, by this gallery's painters. Weekdays, noon to 6; through Sept. 10. . . . **LEVITT,** 16 W. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Virginia Berresford, Everett Spruce, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **CARLEBACH,** 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: A show containing works by Matisse, Renoir, and Picasso, among others. Weekdays, through Sept. 3. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by members of the gallery; through Sept. 3.

IN THE COUNTRY—At the **NORTH SHORE ARTS ASSOCIATION,** Gloucester, Mass.: Twenty-seventh annual show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30. . . . **OGUNQUIT ART ASSOCIATION,** Ogunquit, Maine: Members' group show. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30. . . . **ROCKPORT ART ASSOCIATION,** Rockport, Mass.: Twenty-ninth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 3 to 7. . . . **PARRISH MUSEUM,** Southampton, L.I.: Group show by artists living on eastern Long Island. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 8 to 10; and Sundays, 3 to 5; starting Aug. 20. . . . **GUILD HALL,** East Hampton, L.I.: Oils and water colors by members of the Guild Hall gallery. Weekdays, 10 to 5 and 8:30 to 10:30; Sundays, 3 to 6. . . . **SILVERMINE GUILD OF ARTISTS,** Silvermine, Conn.: Summer group exhibition. Daily, 1:30 to 6; through Aug. 20. . . . **MYSTIC ART ASSOCIATION,** Mystic, Conn.: Twenty-fifth annual exhibition. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. . . . **BERKSHIRE ART CENTER,** Canaan, N.Y.: An exhibition by contemporary artists, including Sol Wilson, Joseph DeMartini, and Ogden Pleissner. Daily, 3 to 6. . . . **WOODSTOCK ARTISTS ASSOCIATION,** Woodstock, N.Y.: Group show. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 4. . . . **LYME ART ASSOCIATION,** Old Lyme, Conn.: Forty-eighth annual summer exhibition. Weekdays,

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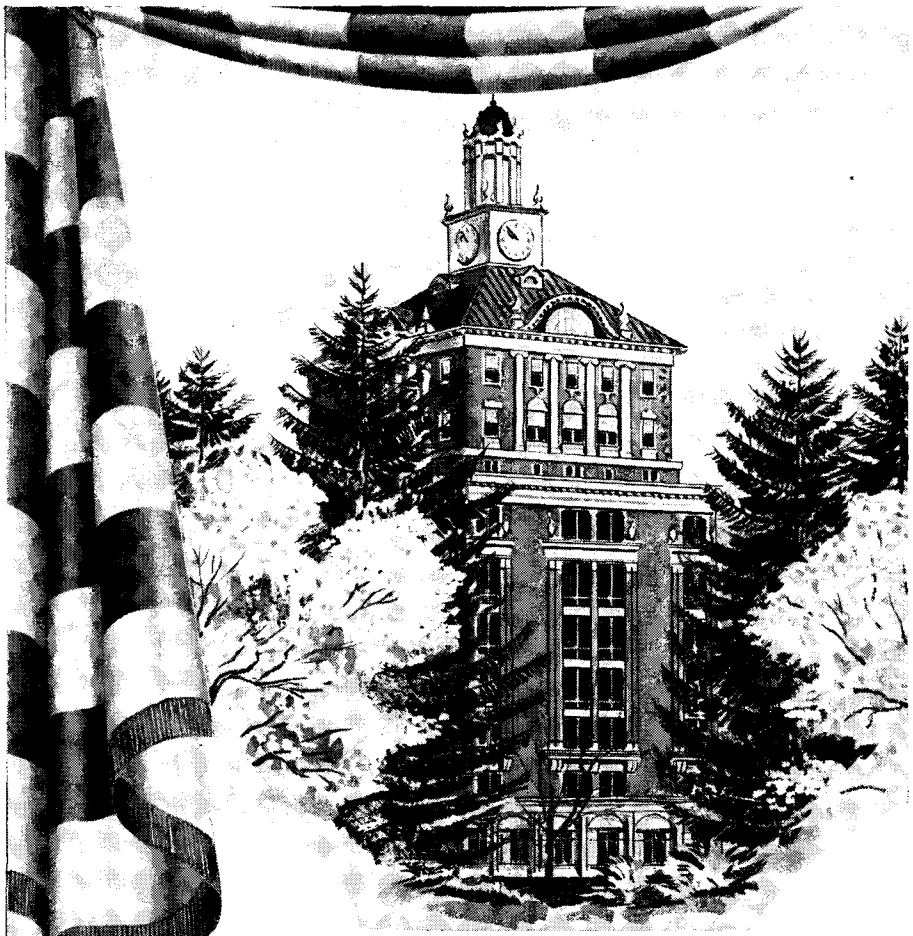

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10 to 6; Sunday, 1 to 6; through Aug. 21. ... ESSEX ART ASSOCIATION, Essex, Conn.: A group show by members of the gallery. Weekdays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 25. ... ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.: A hundred and seventeen paintings by art students throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of French Impressionist paintings and other works. Wednesdays through Sundays; through Sept. 5. ... ¶ A fairly jumbled but quite entertaining exhibition tracing the classic influence in art from early Greek times to Picasso. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) ... ¶ At the Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, a major fraction of the Nine Heroes tapestries is now on display as part of the permanent collection. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and prints by the Austrian Expressionist Oskar Kokoschka; through Sept. 28. ... ¶ A large and practically definitive exhibition of twentieth-century Italian art, from the early Futurists down to the present time. It includes works by a number of young postwar artists not generally known here. Through Sept. 18. ... ¶ A collection of prints by Gauguin, Vuillard, and Bonnard, many of them in color; through Sept. 25. ... ¶ In the Museum garden, a one-family house, designed by Marcel Breuer; through October 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSIC

OPERA—The LEMONADE OPERA: Haydn's "The Man in the Moon," in English; through Saturday, Aug. 27. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.) ... SALMAGGI OPERA: "La Traviata," Saturday, Aug. 20. ... ¶ "Madame Butterfly," Saturday, Aug. 27. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Both at 8:45. For tickets, call CI 7-6347.)

IN THE COUNTRY—The BERKSHIRE QUARTET: A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 21, at 4, and Friday, Aug. 26, at 3.) ... COLONY OPERA GUILD: Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Schroon Lake, N.Y. Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 2:30. ... ¶ Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 19, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 20, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2:05. Before the Sunday game, a couple of creaky innings will be played between one-time great men of the Yankees and the Athletics, among them Eddie Collins, Frank Baker, Jimmy Foxx, Wally Pipp, and Lefty Gomez. ... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 23-24, at 2:30. ... ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Aug. 26, at 2:30; and Saturday, Aug. 27, at 1:30 (doubleheader). ... EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 1:30. ... ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, Aug. 23, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 1:30. ... ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 25, at 1:30; Friday, Aug. 26, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 27, at 1:30.

BOXING—Ray Robinson vs. Steve Belloise, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Yankee Stadium. Wednesday, Aug. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Walker Cup Matches. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20.) ... ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Apawamis Club, Rye. Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 23-24.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—BOSTWICK FIELD, West-
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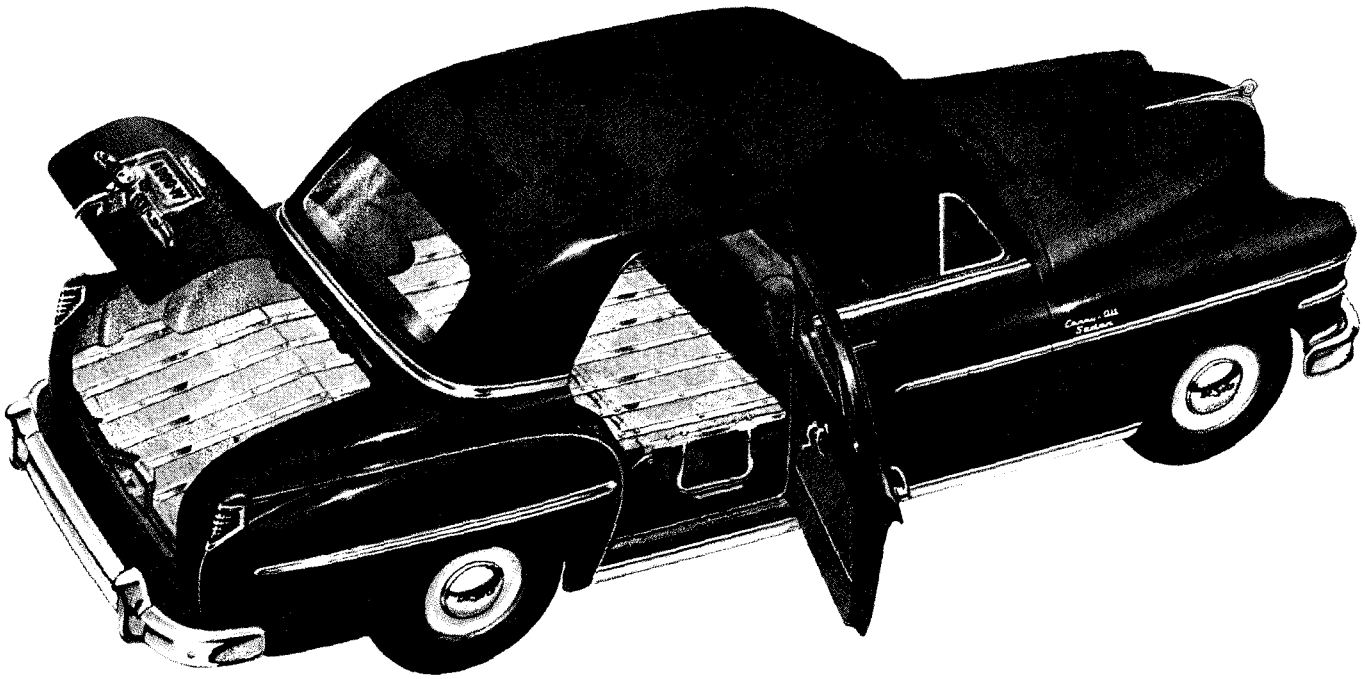

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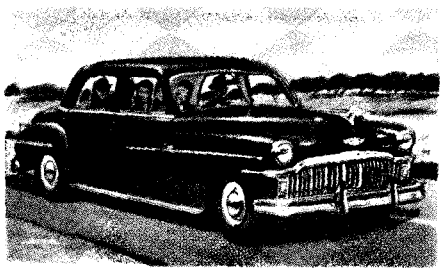

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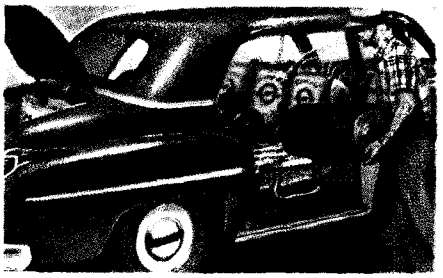

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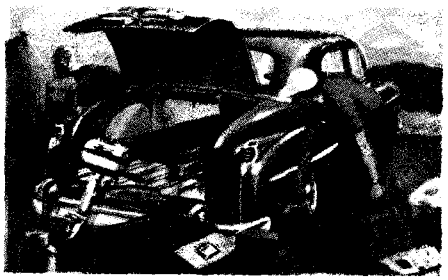

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Grand Union Hotel and the Saratoga Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20; the Alabama, Wednesday, Aug. 24; the Saratoga Cup, Thursday, Aug. 25; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 27.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 21.) . . . ¶ Seabright Invitation Tournament. (Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J. Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28.) . . . ¶ Davis Cup Challenge Round. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 26-28. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway; and the West Side Tennis Club.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40. (Special trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03 P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 P.M. and 7:03 P.M.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 27.

YACHTING—New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20.) . . . ¶ Port Washington Yacht Club Regatta. (Port Washington. Tuesday, Aug. 23.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about five hundred visitors are admitted, Mondays through Fridays, to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the committee meetings of the Scientific Conference on Conservation and Utilization of Resources. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "The End of the World." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Queen Elizabeth: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 18; sails Friday, Aug. 19, at midnight. . . . ¶ Media: Sails Friday, Aug. 19, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Ile de France: Arrives Friday, Aug. 19; sails Saturday, Aug. 20, at 5 P.M. . . . ¶ Vulcania: Sails Saturday, Aug. 20, at noon. . . . ¶ DeGrasse: Arrives Monday, Aug. 22; sails Wednesday, Aug. 24, at noon. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Thursday, Aug. 25; sails Saturday, Aug. 27, at noon.

ON THE AIR

(Since programs are often changed at the last minute, the newspapers should be consulted as final authority.)

RADIO

MUSIC—C.B.S. Symphony, Alfredo Antonini conducting, Sunday, Aug. 21, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, with Robert Merrill, baritone, Sunday, Aug. 21, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Jan Peerce, tenor, Sunday, Aug. 21, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Leonard Warren, baritone, Monday, Aug. 22, at 8:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Valter Poole conducting, Tuesday, Aug. 23, at 9:45 P.M., WJZ.

DRAMA—William Powell in "Love Crazy," Friday, Aug. 19, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Stefan Heym's "The Crusaders," Saturday, Aug. 20, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC.

TELEVISION

SPORTS—Baseball: All home games of the Yankees are shown on WABD, of the Giants on WPIX, and of the Dodgers on WCBS.

MISCELLANY—"The Fireman," an old Charlie Chaplin film, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:15 P.M., WPIX. . . . ¶ The sixteenth installment of the film of General Eisenhower's book "Crusade in Europe," Thursday, Aug. 18, at 9 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Eddie Condon with Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, and others, Saturday, Aug. 20 at 9:30 P.M. WNBT

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The Barkleys of Broadway—Astaire and Rogers. When the script dives into plot and heavy thought, there is a temptation to walk out, but still—Astaire and Rogers. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through Aug. 21.)

Champion—A film that is nowhere near as trenchant as the Ring Lardner story from which it derives, but one that contains a lot of pretty terrifying action in the ring. Kirk Douglas makes a fine Midge Kelly, and the others in the cast are all right, too. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Aug. 24.)

Devil in the Flesh—The story of an adolescent's love affair with a married woman, presented with great skill in a French film based on the Raymond Radiguet novel. Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle head the cast. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Hamlet—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane, in a distinguished English picture, which Olivier directed. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

It Happens Every Spring—All about a man who discovers a chemical formula that prevents a batter from hitting a baseball. Paul Douglas is first-rate as a big-league catcher, and Ray Milland is also helpful. Fairly flimsy, but agreeable enough. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 19-21. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Aug. 22-24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Aug. 24.)

Quartet—A translation to the screen of a group of Somerset Maugham's slickly confected short stories, two of which make pleasant entertainment. A British film. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

The Quiet One—A sensitive semi-documentary about the emotional upsets of a small, unloved colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Aug. 20-23.)

The Red Shoes—Tucked away in this interminable study of life among devotees of the dance is a stylish ballet, based on the Hans Christian Andersen story. With Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine, and Ludmilla Tcherina. A British film. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 5:30 and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Sorrowful Jones—Bob Hope in a comic movie about a bookie who accepts a small girl as security against a bet and finds himself stuck with her. A remake of a 1934 film called "Little Miss Marker." (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 21-23.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Raimu in a lively French film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 23.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—The Noel Coward romp with ghosts and mediums. An English picture, with Rex Harrison. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 19-21.)

Cover Girl (1944)—Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 21-22. . . . ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; Aug. 24.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. Claude Rains. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; starting Aug. 24.)

The Flame of New Orleans (1941)—Marlene Dietrich as a wicked siren. Also with Roland Young and Bruce Cabot. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 20.)

Louisiana Story (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic account of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Aug. 20.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House (1948)—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas caught in various housing dilemmas. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Aug. 20.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden. Also with Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Aug. 22-24.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Aug. 20.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; and 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438; starting Aug. 24.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Aug. 19.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a French version of the Jonson comedy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Aug. 19.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 23.)

When Tomorrow Comes (1939)—Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer mixed up with labor problems and hurricanes. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 21-22. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 22-24.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and the Singer Midgets, in Technicolor. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Aug. 24.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, PL 7-4295.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—"Olympia" (1939), directed by Leni Riefenstahl; Part I, through Aug. 21, and Part II, starting Aug. 22. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only if applied for in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.

Note—"Marius," "Fanny," and "César," the three full-length films that make up Marcel Pagnol's ten-year-old trilogy about Marseille and some of its raffish inhabitants, are being shown together as a triple feature at the Thalia (B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370). In French, with Raimu, Pierre Fresnay, and Orane Démazis.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"Lost Boundaries," Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Anna Lucasta," Paulette Goddard.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Aug. 22: "Mighty Joe Young," Terry Moore.
From Aug. 23: "Sword in the Desert," Dana Andrews, Marta Toren. Opening night by invitation only.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Aug. 19: "Not Wanted," Sally Forrest.
From Aug. 20: "Siren of Atlantis," Maria Montez, Jean Pierre Aumont.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Too Late for Tears," Lizabeth Scott, Dan Duryea.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"In the Good Old Summer Time," Judy Garland, Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Aug. 24: "Arctic Manhunt," Mikel Conrad, Carol Thurston.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Rope of Sand," Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Come to the Stable," Loretta Young, Celeste Holm.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Slattery's Hurricane," Richard Widmark, Linda Darnell.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Jolson Sings Again," Larry Parks, Barbara Hale.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"It's a Great Feeling," Dennis Morgan, Doris Day.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Window," Barbara Hale.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN, revival; and NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK, revival.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd. (MU 7-8723)
Through Aug. 20: MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE, revival.
Aug. 21-23: "Stairway to Heaven," revival, David Niven, Kim Hunter.
From Aug. 24: "Mother Wore Tights," revival.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
Through Aug 23: THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER, revival; and THE BAKER'S WIFE, revival.
From Aug. 24: CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and THE SCOUNDREL, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Through Aug. 23: "Heart of Vienna" (in German), revival; and "The Life and Loves of Tschaikovsky" (in German), revival.
From Aug. 24: CRIME WITHOUT PASSION, revival; and THE SCOUNDREL, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Aug. 19: THE 39 STEPS, revival; and VOLPONE, revival.
From Aug. 20: "The Girl in the Painting," Mai Zetterling, Robert Beatty.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DEVIL IN THE FLESH; and "A Visit with Maillol," short documentary film.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HAMLET.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
QUARTET.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
To be announced.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 24: "Somewhere in Berlin" (in German).

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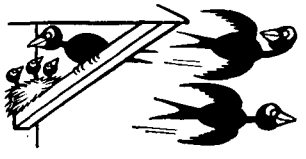
B. ALTMAN & CO. NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HAVING long heard that birds are seasonally monogamous and, during any given year, paragons of marital faithfulness, we were astonished to receive, from a previously astonished lady on Fire Island, a report that a pair of barn swallows building a nest under her eaves were visited by a second male, who proceeded to attack the husband. "During the fracas, the entire nest was demolished," our informant writes, "but the female commenced to rebuild it even as the battle was in progress. One of the males finally won out, the other disappeared, and eggs and little birds followed. Then another male, I presume the vanquished one, turned up, and he now acts as baby-



sitter evenings, when husband and wife go off for an hour or so. On their return, he leaves quietly, only to come back the next afternoon." The arrangement strikes both our informant and us as admirable, and seems to us a manifestation of a spirit of sportsmanship that many a man-about-town might emulate.

AT last report, the *Nation* (a weekly) had not got back on the approved list for public-school libraries, and we feel sorry about this. We feel even sorrier about the status of our own sheet (a weekly), which has never been on the list at all. *The New Yorker* is not one of the periodicals the Board of Education places in schools—we have not even been admitted, much less banned. The *Nation* contends that when the School Board dropped it from the list, the action amounted to a denial of constitutional guaranties of freedom of the press. We have been thinking that one over, and if the argument holds water the absence of *The New Yorker* from the list must also amount to such a denial. Actually, we don't feel that any magazine has the "right" to be in public schools; it is up to the Board. The *Nation's* interpretation of freedom of the press seems to us wobbly, and we hold to the divine right of anybody to cancel a subscription, whether in a huff or in a mood of misguided paternalism.

The mistake the School Board made in dropping the *Nation* was twofold. First, it shouldn't have dropped it. Second, having determined (unwisely) to drop it, it needn't have said anything about those Catholic articles. It could have said that it was dropping it because the magazine was too dull for school children. There is no answer to the charge of dullness, even if it is an unjust charge. We've been through that ourself. No magazine can prove, in court or out, that it isn't dull. *The New Yorker* assumes that the reason we've not made the grade in city schools is that we are dull reading for scholars. We are bending every effort to correct this and we intend to keep plugging. To the *Nation*, we fling this challenge: Last magazine to get onto the approved list is a purple monkey!

Another Boat

RETENTIVE readers may recall that we reported a while back that a noble old gondola—a forty-footer, complete with *felze*, lateen sail, and coin-studded boat hook—that once belonged to Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning had come gently to rest in East Hampton, Long Island, as the somewhat overwhelming gift of a well-wisher to the village library. Well, now another ancient gondola has turned up in East Hampton. Its owner is a summer resident, a blue-eyed young divorcée, Mrs. Grant Harkness, and we had the pleasure of a long look at it in her company the other morning when we were out that way. Mrs. Harkness, whom we found clad in a pink sun suit and surrounded by a recently risen throng of house guests in a sunny chamber dominated by an immense white marble bust of Mme. Pompadour, whose throat was encircled by seven strands of steely-gray pearls, received us with lighthearted cordiality. "That poor, decrepit little boat!" she exclaimed with a tinkle of lyric laughter. "I do wish someone would tell me what to do with it." A tall, barefooted gentleman in white silk pajamas and a white silk robe who stood nearby removed a slim cigar from his lips and cleared his throat. Mrs. Harkness threw him an expectant glance, but he merely lifted his eyebrows and smiled.

We asked Mrs. Harkness how she had happened to acquire her little boat. "It's a silly story," she said. "I didn't buy it for myself, of course. I gave it to Phil and Ellen Barry for a housewarming present back in 1943, when they bought the old Jefferys place, on Hook Pond. That was before I bought this house. Mr. Gay, the real-estate man, was showing me houses one day, and stuck away under the porch of one of them, up on Egypt Lane, was the gondola. He said it had been there for years and years, ever since some couple had brought it back here from a wedding trip to Venice. We crawled under and looked at it, and it was adorable, and I

decided it would make a perfect present for Phil and Ellen. A very practical one, too. I knew Phil had been trying to get a canoe but couldn't because of the war. Unfortunately, the gondola didn't turn out to be anything but decorative. Phil

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and Ellen loved it—I remember they wouldn't sit anywhere except out on the lawn in the gondola during the entire housewarming party—but it was too leaky to float. I'd had a local carpenter working on it all winter, and at the end he told me candidly it couldn't be fixed." "Hmm," the barefooted gentleman remarked. "What'd he charge you?" "I think I paid fifty dollars for it and spent twenty-five to have it fixed," Mrs. Harkness said, "or vice versa. Mr. Gay handled it all. Anyway, when the Barrys sold their place, last winter, they didn't want to be bothered with the gondola, so they bounced it back to me. I think it's out in the laundry yard. Would you like to see it?"

Accompanied by the barefooted gentleman, we followed Mrs. Harkness through a French door that gave onto a flagstone terrace, and across a satiny lawn to a pink-walled courtyard. The gondola lay in a corner, half hidden by a screen of uncut grass. It's tiny compared to the library's gondola—about fifteen feet long and less than three feet wide. It has a single, low-backed seat and is indubitably beyond repair. There are gaps in its seams, its prow is fractured, and its arched figurehead is askew. In its waist lay a tangle of crumpled newspapers and the eviscerated remains of a horsehair seat cushion. "Poor little boat!" Mrs. Harkness said. "Just look at that cushion! The coons must have been into it." She moved briskly aft and hopped up on the *poppa*. "Here's where the gondolier stood," she said. She raised her arms, clutched an imaginary oar, and burst softly into "O Sole Mio." Suddenly a look of revelation crossed her face. "You know what I think I'll do?" she said, stepping down. "I'll have this carried out on the lawn and plant flowers in it. It would be lovely!" The barefooted gentleman touched the gunwale with a gingerly probing toe. "Good idea," he said.

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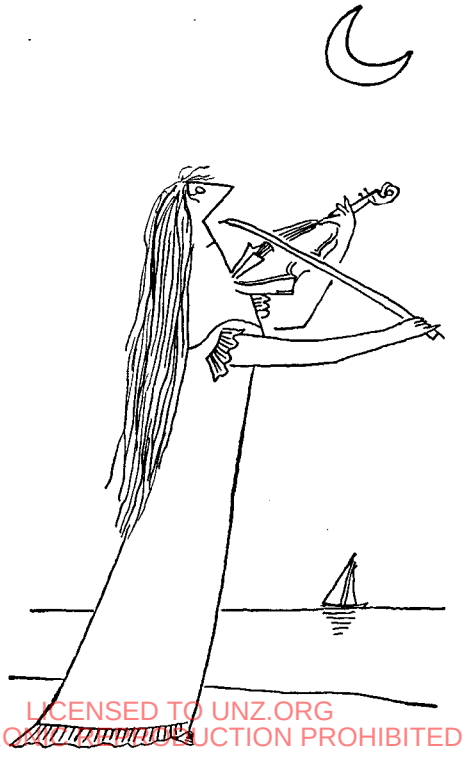
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A Sixth Avenue barbershop window displays the legend "Television Actors' Haircuts."

The clock in the railroad station at a small French-Canadian town bears (or, at any rate, bore a few days ago) a card reading, "This clock is five minutes and sixteen seconds slow."

Brooks Artist

THE distinctive sporting illustrations, as often as not animated by horses and dogs, that have long lent a peculiar cachet to Brooks Brothers advertisements and catalogue covers are the work of Paul Brown, a man mentioned in these pages nine years ago as drillmaster of Boyce's Tigers, a group of forward-looking civilians who were going through the manual of arms once a week at Mecca Temple. It occurred to us, in these piping days of peace, that Brown the artist was also worth inspection, so we buttonholed him on a recent trip he made to Manhattan from his home in Garden City. A serious-faced, bushy-haired man of fifty-five, he was born in Mapleton, Minnesota, came to New York at nine ("My father was interested in the business end of the theatrical game here," he told us), and attended the High School of Commerce, which he left, without graduating, when he was eighteen. He nevertheless gave commerce a nod by becoming a commercial artist, and subsequently went off to the First World War, ending up as a captain of infantry. "I'd drawn horses since I was four," he said, "though I'd never ridden—and still haven't—and after the war I did a lot of drawings in which horses were featured for various magazines. I went to polo matches and the races a great deal—I've seen ten consecutive Grand Nationals—to study the horses' tracks in the dirt, the holes in the fences, conformation, why horses do what they do. I never care which one wins what." During the nineteen-twenties, Brown, who was wearing a rumpled seersucker at the time of our interview, also worked on the layouts of



advertisements in the *American Exporter*, a trade publication. In 1932, Brooks Brothers, a couple of whose directors were friends of his, decided to give him a try. Since then, he has made nearly eight hundred drawings for them—people skiing, fishing, steeplechasing, trapshooting, curling, playing tennis, riding to hounds, etc. "I try to do typical Brooks customers and their families doing the things they like to do," he said. "No one in evening clothes, though, and no one in Brooks clothes as such, either. I generally put the women in dungarees. I don't really care about drawing females, unless they're mares."

Brown and his wife, a Minnesota girl, have three children, one grandchild, two dogs, and a rather unusual croquet setup. "We took this guy Hoyle and chucked him out the window," Brown said. "Our mallets are solid duralumin and weigh four pounds each, the balls are covered with linen, and the wickets are made of half-inch steel rods, no two the same width. We change the arrangement of the wickets every week—it's never symmetrical. Some games take as long as three hours, and we and our friends often play at night, by car headlights." Brown is the oldest volunteer member, in point of service, of the Garden City Fire Department, with thirty-six years to his credit. He works at home, and thus can catch the daytime conflagrations, which many volunteers miss. He has made fifteen out of sixteen alarms so far this year. Although he has written and illustrated almost two dozen books, including a history of the Grand National, which the Derrydale Press published, and has illustrated over eighty books about horses, he advised us that his life is a continuous vacation. Brooks is the only clothing store he works for, though several have approached him. "I'd rather be with Brooks than anyone," he said. "I offer them a choice, from rough sketches on tissue paper, three or four times a year, and we've never had an unpleasant word."

As for the Mecca Temple training center, Brown told us, "We put through about fifteen hundred boys, and I later heard from a hundred and fifty of them. One of them, who hadn't even graduated from high school, became a Coast Artillery captain, and another was a chief petty officer in four months and ten days. We had lots of majors, and we probably had ten or twelve men killed."

Mr. Brown's agreeable information about his relations with Brooks Brothers

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"You were smiling in your sleep last night. What about?"

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was confirmed by Winthrop H. Brooks, chairman of the board and great-grandson of the founder, with whom we had a post-Brown chat. "Paul is a personal friend of all of us," he said. "Like so many artists, money is a subordinate consideration with him. We keep him away from women pretty much—his women are not so hot, though he can do an occasional tweedy girl, or one in jodhpurs—and we sometimes suggest corrections on the human beings, male or female, in his preliminary sketches, but he won't take comments on horses, and he's right. His horses and dogs are superb. The clothes in his drawings are secondary—that's why we like 'em. If he ever drew a wedding, it'd be a fizzle unless the bridegroom was on a horse."

Mysterious Italy

A TRAVELLER has sent us a copy of the following notice posted on the wall of a phonograph record shop near the Via Veneto, in Rome, for the benefit of its English-speaking clientele. It sort of got on his mind, he reports.

1. "Flying Home" may not be exchanged for any record which is shorter than some other record.
2. If record X may be exchanged for record Y, and record Y is not shorter than record Z, record X may be exchanged for record Z.
3. Any record may be exchanged for itself.

Their Own Baedeker

THE publishing firm of Hastings House has just brought out a million-word, thirteen-hundred-and-forty-eight-page guide to the United States, containing forty-six pages of maps and representing nearly five solid years of work by thirty-two researchers and editors, all of which prompted us to call on the instigator and editor-in-chief of this formidable enterprise, Mr. Henry G. Alsberg, who was once director of the Federal Writers' Project. We found him in the office of his publishers, who provided him and his staff with desk space, stationery, telephone service, and so on—a great Newfoundland of a man, staring moodily at a typewriter. "Did you know that the world's largest gypsum desert is in New Mexico," he asked, "that the Million Dollar Highway, in Colorado, is literally paved with gold, that the grave of General Tom Thumb has a forty-foot monument, that there's a pretzel factory in New Jersey whose employees are deaf-mutes?" We uttered a collective "No," and Mr. Alsberg brightened. He said the volume, which is called "The American Guide," is divided into eight regional sections, and that it takes the form of several hundred tours, by air, boat, bus, car, and rail, and on foot. "On land, we follow main highways as long as they run through interesting terrain," he said. "For example, we pick up Route Six in each region, but in some states, where it gets uninteresting, we skeletonize. This

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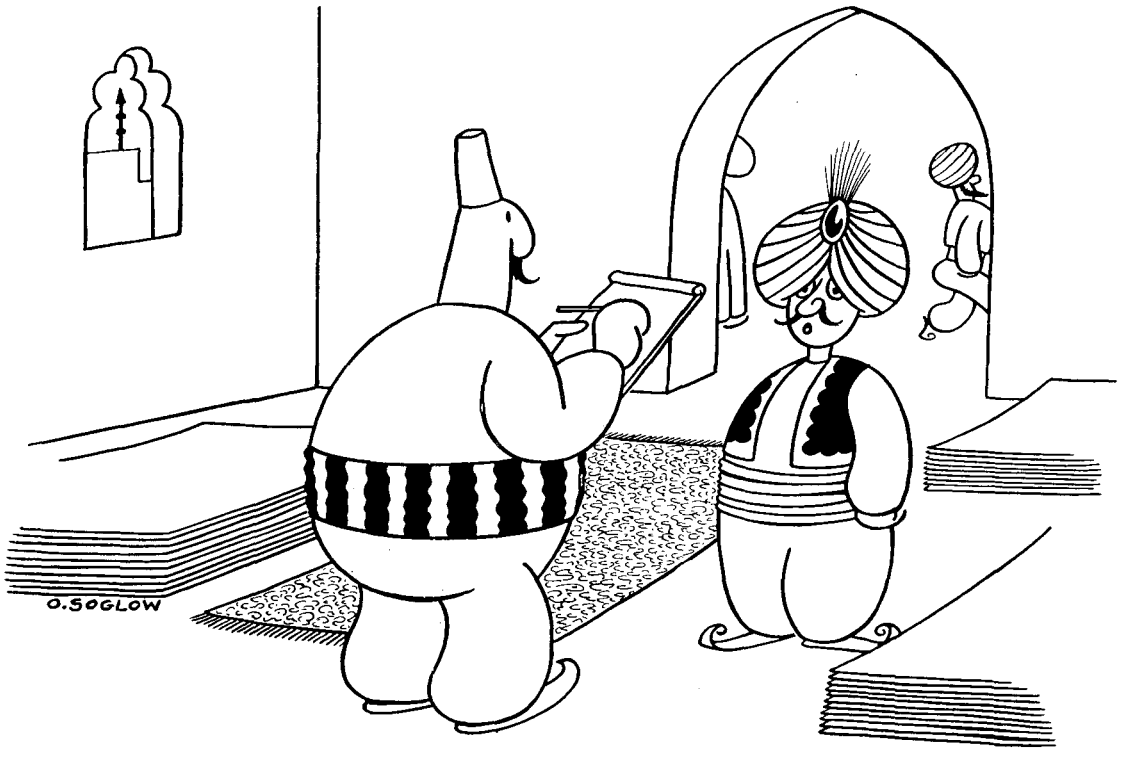

"You needn't deliver it. I'll ride it home."

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business of interest! Why, San Francisco has squeezed as much history into a hundred years as some New England places have accumulated in three hundred."

Mr. Alsberg paused to instruct his secretary to send out for ice cream for two. "Can't keep going without ice cream," he said. "We had to be arbitrary about the regions. We put Missouri in the Plains States, though it's on the edge of the South, and Minnesota in the Lake States, though it's really in the Plains section. We tried to list most buildings of significance. We wrote close to ten thousand letters to Chambers of Commerce, historical societies, and postmasters to find out whether certain churches, factories, and so on are still standing and, if so, whether they're open to the public, but we had to omit some. Take Salem, Massachusetts; you just *can't* put in all the worth-while houses in Salem. We mention places where white women were kidnapped by Indians—a strange thing is that some of them didn't want to be *un*kidnapped—and we put in a little labor stuff, without taking sides, of course. For example, spots where big strikes occurred, like the Homestead strike, and where I.W.W. men were lynched." Mr. Alsberg shot us an anxious look. "Undoubtedly there are a number of errors," he said, some errors, too, so I don't worry too much."

Alsberg is a bachelor in his middle sixties, and was born on the southeast corner of Lexington Avenue and Seventy-second Street, the son of a prosperous chemist. He entered Columbia at fifteen, graduated from its law school at twenty, and after five years' practice abandoned law to write editorials for the *Evening Post*. He later roved Europe as a correspondent for the *Nation*, the *World*, and the London *Daily Herald*. Early in 1917, he became secretary to Abram Elkus, the American Ambassador to Turkey. "I made friends with the newspapermen in Constantinople," he said, handing us our share of the ice cream, which had arrived, "and they tipped me off about the fall of Bagdad to the British. I sent a note to the Ambassador, who was at a dinner party attended by Richard von Kuhlmann, the German Ambassador. Von Kuhlmann had been getting scoops, which he would condescendingly brandish at Elkus, but I knew he wouldn't know about Bagdad. Elkus pulled that one on him at dinner, and von Kuhlmann was visibly mortified." Alsberg got into W.P.A. work in the nineteen-thirties, and, as director of the Writers' Project, supervised and helped write many state guidebooks. "We planned a national guide," he said, "but never got around

he ever made in a literary venture came from his adaptation of "The Dybbuk," which ran for a year at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and that he is about to start on an autobiography that will take him up to fifteen years. "Probably the easiest thing I could do," he said. "Did you know that in Colonial times there was a lady who lived south of Wheeling, on the Ohio River, whose home was sacked by Indians at a time when she was going to have a baby? The Indians took a look at her and said they'd come back for her later. She waited patiently, but they never did."

Misconception

THE manufacturers of Towle's Log Cabin maple syrup may not be pleased to learn what happened to a can of their product that arrived a few weeks ago at the home of an American diplomat stationed in Venezuela. The native cook unscrewed the cap, sniffed the liquid, and unhesitatingly poured it into an insecticide sprayer.

Vertigo

"SLATTERY'S HURRICANE," a movie based partly on the activities of a Navy hurricane-reconnaissance squadron flying out of Miami and partly on Richard Widmark's paranoid snarl, was introduced locally last week at an airborne preview. This was not the first time a movie had ever been shown during a flight, but it had been urged on us that it was the first *preview* ever to take place during a flight, and, recognizing almost instantly the historical significance of the event, we got our man Stanley into action. Stanley, poor fellow, took a licking. He swayed into the office several hours later, pale, disjointed in speech, grabbing for any solid object within reach. He sat bowed at his desk for forty minutes before he began to tap out his notes, which, typographically cleaned up, follow:

"Reached Floyd Bennett Field shortly after noon. Shepherded onto ramp with sixty representatives press, radio, Navy, publicity departments Twentieth Century-Fox Films and Roxy Theatre. Temperature on ramp very high. Spirits of crowd very low. Most frequent query: 'Why have preview

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in plane?' Heard no satisfactory answer to this. Group taken into hangar by young naval officer who arranged for everyone to sign away all rights, and rights of heirs and assigns, to sue either Navy or Twentieth Century-Fox in event of accident. Signed. What the hell? Back outdoors into heat and over to plane. Handed publicity release from Lockheed Aircraft describing plane. Type: Constitution. Weight: 114,575 pounds. Passenger capacity: 168. Decks: two. Engines: four. Mighty big plane.

"Climbed ramp to first deck of Constitution, then up spiral stairway to top deck. Soft fluorescent lights in ceiling, bouncy blue carpet underfoot. Much like movie theatre. Usher was Navy captain wearing big cluster of aiguillettes and fifty-four square inches campaign ribbons. Plane taxied down runway. Man across aisle told me jet-assisted takeoff had been arranged, for the newsreels. Voice on loudspeaker warned us to expect noise from jets like gravel falling on roof. Plane gathered speed. WHOOSH! Shot up like Roman candle. Sounded like paving blocks hitting roof. Streams of dense white smoke from both wings.

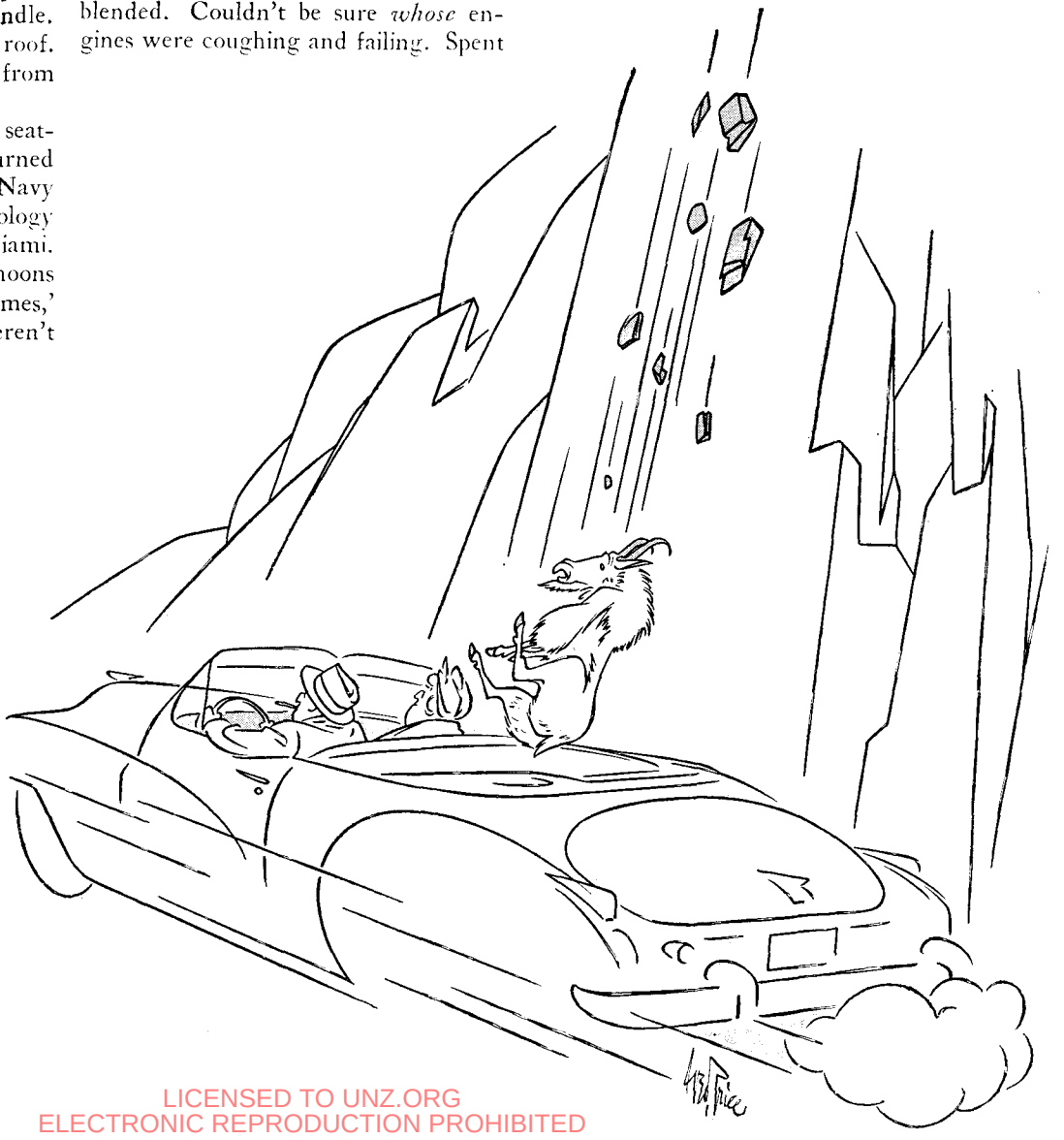
"Got into conversation with seatmate, lieutenant commander. Turned out to be one of technical advisers Navy lent Fox to help make picture, aerology officer for the squadron at Miami. 'I've flown through the eye of typhoons and hurricanes three different times,' said aerology officer, 'and they weren't half as scary as the one in this movie. Fox people had so many wind machines in studios they whipped up waves a hell of a lot higher than you'd ever see in a hurricane. Sprayed soapsuds all over for foam. This has made nice duty for me. Spent four months in Beverly Hills, all expenses paid. Look for me in picture. They gave me bit part as aerology officer. What could be more authentic than that?'

"Loudspeaker announced that we had levelled off at fourteen thousand feet, that the outside temperature was forty, that we would shuttle above the Hudson between the Battery and Westchester for duration of flight, and that a Navy training film would be shown as preliminary attraction before lunch. Screen rolled down at front of cabin, window curtains drawn, projector, set up amidships, began to turn. Sat tensely and watched shots of Second World War combat—planes crashing, carriers sinking, bursts of shrapnel and tracer bullets all over the place. Film ended, drew breath. Two pretty Waves passed tray lunches—roast beef, potatoes, peas, cantaloupe à la mode, iced tea. Publicity lady went moaning down aisle. 'Wretched preponderance of men,' she said. 'I did everything I could to get out the girls, but I guess they're afraid of flying.' 'So are the critics,' said Fox man gloomily. 'Winsten, of the *Post*, is the only one that showed up.'

"Alerted by loudspeaker for 'Slattery's Hurricane.' Sorry to say not happy experience. Constitution kept banking, and whenever it approached big cloud, bounced. Got very bad vertigo when Widmark, on screen, flying through hurricane, bounced in one direction while Constitution bounced in opposite direction. Took to peeking out through curtain to get back sense of balance. No good. Worst of all, sound of Constitution's engines and Widmark's engines blended. Couldn't be sure *whose* engines were coughing and failing. Spent last forty minutes strapped in safety belt, head in hands. Landed back at Floyd Bennett. Learned trip had covered seven hundred and twenty-one miles. Asked Winsten, of *Post*, his opinion of picture. 'Couldn't see it from where I was sitting,' said Winsten. Suspect he had head in hands."

Loyal

A BUSINESSMAN with far-flung interests advises us that he recently happened to be in a Texas city and, more specifically, at the luncheon board of a leading banker of the place. It was hotter, even, than New York at its worst this summer, and during the repast our man remarked confidentially to the lady next to him that he couldn't understand why people as well-to-do as his host and hostess didn't spend their summers elsewhere. The lady gave him a gentle smile. "I'm afraid you don't understand," she said. "In summer, it's hot everywhere in Texas."



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TEACHER'S PET

KELBY had not wanted to go to the Stevensons' for cocktails. It wasn't that he was tired out again, as his wife, Elizabeth, was always complaining. To prove this, he had, after making up his mind to go, insisted on walking, instead of driving, to the Stevensons' house, three blocks down and across the village green. He had wanted to have a quiet dinner at home, unpreceded by alcohol, and to retire to the library afterward and read du Noüy. Elizabeth would have at least three Martinis—he noticed, looking at her across the terrace at the side of the Stevensons' house, that she was already on her second—and that meant she might want to "go on" after dinner, or perhaps tear up dinner at home and drive to the Belleville Inn for more drinks and dinner there. She might even call up the Blakes from there and really get going.

"No, thanks," said Kelby as his host approached with the cocktail shaker; then, "Oh, all right, go ahead." And he held out his glass for his own second drink.

"Do you good," said Bob Stevenson, pouring. "Pep you up. You look a little gray—anything the matter?"

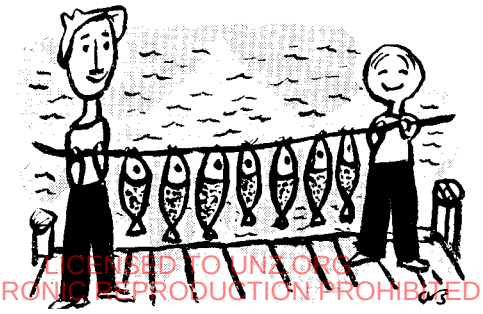
"No," said Kelby with the required smile. "No, not at all. I'm fine."

As a matter of fact, he was not fine. He had had, the day before, something very like a religious experience, of a darkly ominous nature. It had been brought on by his reading a magazine article dealing with the fears and neurotic disturbances of the human male in middle age. Kelby was three months past fifty, and the article had upset him, particularly in its reference to the sometimes disastrous shock caused by the aging man's recognition of the fact of death, the inevitability of his perhaps not too distant termination. Women, the article intimated, were better adjusted to the certainty of extinction and rarely gave it a conscious thought, but a man in his fifties or later—often earlier—might be stricken all of a sudden by the realization of impending death, with serious nervous or even mental sequelae.

Kelby had wondered, putting the magazine down, if the dread experience had come to him in his forties, say, and he had forgotten it. He chose to think that it had and that he had weathered it like the contemplative scholar he was. Upon arriving at this comforting decision, he had struck a match to light it was a sound match and no breeze was stirring in the library, it had gone out, as swift as a wink, as swift as death. Kelby had recognized the Moment. It seized him by the throat, and he found it difficult to breathe. His heart seemed to skip, and objects in the room began to recede. His pipe fell to the floor, and he held on to himself with a great effort, gripping the arms of his chair. There was sweat on his forehead and his wrists when he came out of his seizure. In a minute, he was his rational self again. It had been nothing more than a senseless panic induced by autosuggestion. He had actually managed a smile and a careless gesture of dismissal.

THE incident would not be dismissed so easily, it turned out. It set in train, as all Kelby's moments of weakness did, discomforting thoughts that took him back as far as his youth. It carried him relentlessly, against his will, to the awful day before the First World War when Zeke Leonard had faced him down, with a crowd of eager kids looking on and expecting a fight. Kelby marvelled that at fifty he still could not get that day out of his consciousness for very long.

The trouble had begun when Leonard, "a typical shot-putter," as Kelby, many years later, had described him to Elizabeth, started teasing him after school (they were in the eighth grade) by calling him "Willber, dear!" in a shrill falsetto, and repeating it at steady intervals all the way to the corner of Franklin Avenue and Pine Street. It was bad enough to be named Willber, with two "l"s, and to have his teacher call him by that silly name every day in class, but it had been unbearable when Miss Lemmert had called him "Willber, dear" one afternoon in the hearing of Zeke and several other kids as school was letting out. She had wanted Willber dear to post a letter for her, or to do some other small errand, a request that branded him at once a teacher's pet of the worst order. Willber Kelby



was the smartest boy at Buchanan School, and from the third grade on his teachers had made no bones about it. Zeke Leonard, who had the brains of a pole vaulter, had hated Willber from the time they were seven for his intelligence, his name, his frail body, and his inability, according to Zeke, to do anything except study.

Kelby had turned on him that day, thirty-seven years before, but the grinning Zeke had pushed him, slapped him, bumped him, and kicked him around, holding one arm behind his back and calling attention to this handicap. Kelby had flailed his shorter arms a few times with ludicrous ineffectiveness, and then he had merely tried to cover his face against Zeke's pummelling. Finally, he had started to cry. The other boys had laughed and hooted and whistled. "Look—*both* hands behind me!" Zeke had sneered suddenly, and Willber Kelby had taken to flight, still crying.

"BREAK it up." The hearty voice of Bob Stevenson banged into Kelby's memories. "You having a conference with yourself? Here you go, Will."

"Thanks," said Kelby, holding his glass out for another Martini.

"Of course, I simply never get to know you, Mr. Kelby," babbled a woman, dropping into a chair next to his. "I've known Lizzie for simply ages, but you always seem to be *inside* yourself, as if you didn't want anyone to trespass on your thoughts. But here I am, a bold woman, determined to find out what you are thinking about, whether you want me to or not. Now, Mr. Kelby, what *are* you thinking about?"

Kelby fought off a frown and recrossed his legs. He was about to say something to the effect that he had been absorbed in the witty conversation going on about him, and then, perhaps because the gin had touched him, he came out flatly with the truth. "I was thinking about the time a boy named Zeke Leonard beat me up," he said. "I was a teacher's pet, and he beat me up."

"What in the world for?" exclaimed the woman. "What had you done?"

"A teacher's pet doesn't have to do anything," Kelby said. "It is the mere fact of his existence that makes the stupid and the strong want to beat him up. There is a type of man that wants to destroy the weaker, the more sensitive, the more intelligent." He must have let his gaze drift to his host, who was stirring up more Martinis.

"You mean the Bob Stevenson

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type?" the woman whispered into his ear in intimate understanding. Then, shifting back into high, "I know just what you mean. We have the *most* trouble with Elbert that way. He's so terribly sensitive. The older boys are always torturing him." She lowered her voice to a whisper again. "Young Bob Stevenson is the worst. He simply loves to badger Elbert. I do wish Elbert would stand up to him some day. It irritates my husband terribly that he won't take his own part. Do they get *over* it?"

Kelby's attention had wandered. "Once a fullback, always a fullback," he said.

"No, I mean the—well—teacher's pets," she explained. "You see, Elbert is really terribly smart—he's the brightest boy in his school. I wish *you* could talk to him, Mr. Kelby—it would do him a world of good. We are going to spend the winter here in Woodville, and he'll go into Junior High. It's terribly hard changing to a new school."

Kelby had been thinking while she ran on. Having finished his third drink, he was on the edge of his irritable phase, and the woman's babbling had not improved his mood. "I know Elbert," he said thinly. "He's like all the rest. They grow old, they die, and if they're lucky, they get buried. They do not change. The best that can be said for them is that they outlive the stupid and the strong. It isn't much, but it's something. They can cackle in corners when they read the obituaries of the powerfully built. It is their only physical triumph."

"But they are not cowards," said the woman defensively, clipping the last word sharply. "At least, I know Elbert is not a coward."

Kelby had begun to twirl his glass by its stem. "There are a lot of comforting euphemisms," he said. "Hypersensitive, nonaggressive, peace-loving, introverted—take your choice."

The woman was beginning not to like the turn of the discussion. She had started to get up from her chair when from out of the house, letting the widely flung screen door bang behind him, came Robert Stevenson, Jr. He strode toward his mother, apparently oblivious of the guests. "Hey, Mom!" he said. "Geez, how's about some dinner—it's late."

"Manna? Why—manna was the bread of the Lord dropped from Heaven on the fifteenth day of the second month after the children of Israel's departure from Egypt. The Lord said unto Moses, 'Behold, I will rain bread from Heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether . . .'"

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Two of the guests arose at this broad hint, but Sally Stevenson waved them back to their chairs. "Sit down, sit down," she said. "It's early. We're not eating till seven-thirty."

"Geez, Mom!" said Bob.

"Speak to the guests, Robert," she commanded. "You know everybody." He let a scowlish grin trail from chair to chair.

"Got a belly like a moose," said his father proudly, hovering above Kelby with the shaker. "Can't think of anything but the nose bag. Healthy, though, God knows. What did they bring you up on, Will—marshmallows?"

"Yes," said Kelby. "Toasted, mostly." Stevenson burst into loud laughter. Kelby, who had covered his empty glass with his hand, suddenly held it out.

"Good boy!" chortled Stevenson, filling it.

"Easy does it, Will!" called Elizabeth from across the terrace. The apparently amiable laugh that accompanied her warning fooled everybody except the other women and Kelby.

He raised his glass with a defiant look at his wife. "Here's to Junior," he said, "the greatest future fullback in the world!"

"Make it tackle," said the boy's father. "Bob wants to be a tackle."

"We never call him Junior," put in Bob's mother.

"You know that, Will," said Elizabeth.

"Tackle, then," said Kelby, and drank half his cocktail.

"Say, I almost forgot," began Bob Stevenson, Sr., and he proceeded to tell the terrace at large a noisy story about the predicament of a friend of his.

Kelby, not listening, studied young Bob, who had dropped heavily but still gracefully onto the lawn and was moodily chewing a blade of grass and watching his father. The boy was thirteen, the same age Zeke Leonard had been in that faraway year of Kelby's humili-

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ation. He was not unlike Leonard—big in the shoulders, long in the muscled arms, slender at the waist, restless, easy of movement and posture, and he had the same facile scowl and the sulky lower lip. Kelby hated his guts. He imagined that he was thirteen again, and he pictured himself squaring up to this big, ignorant boy. He spilled some of his drink as he indulged in the pleasurable fantasy of smacking Bob on the point of the jaw and sending him reeling backward to the ground. Kelby shook himself out of it with an effort. He finished his drink and stood up.

"How's about one for the village green?" asked Stevenson, who was an eager and watchful host.

"No, thanks," said Kelby. "Got some work to do tonight." He walked over to the only couple at the party that he liked and shook hands. He snapped a curt salute to the others and bowed to his hostess. Elizabeth could see that he was verging on his nasty state. She said goodbye to everyone hastily and joined him.

"Watch out for the marshmallows!" Stevenson called after him as they started around to the front of the house.

Elizabeth waited until they were out of earshot. "What did he mean—watch out for the marshmallows?" she asked suspiciously.

Kelby shrugged. "Once a fullback, always a fullback," he said.

"But what did he *mean*?" she persisted.

Kelby turned on her. "He loves marshmallows!" he shouted. "He dotes on them, he's crazy about them. They are responsible for his wonderful physique and his mushy brain. Didn't you know that?"

Elizabeth took a dozen steps in silence; then, "I won't talk to you when you're like this," she said in the artificially calm tone he knew so well. She kept her promised silence until they had crossed the green. "I never saw Bob Stevenson eat a single marshmallow in my whole life," she announced.

Kelby wasn't listening. He was back in school again, on an afternoon before the First World War. As he got to the driveway of their house, he caught Zeke Leonard a staggering blow directly between the eyes.

Elizabeth noted that his right fist was doubled and she saw the hard glint in his eyes. "What *is* the matter with you?" she demanded.

"Nothing's the matter with me," said Kelby. "I feel fine. You want to call up the Blakes and go over to Belleville?"

"Certainly not," said Elizabeth, "We're going to stay right here. Besides, you'd be sure to get into one of your senseless arguments with Sam, and nobody would have any fun."

"We'll have another drink, then, before dinner," said Kelby. He could see her lips forming a firm protest. "I said we'd have another drink!" he almost shouted. She decided not to argue with him.

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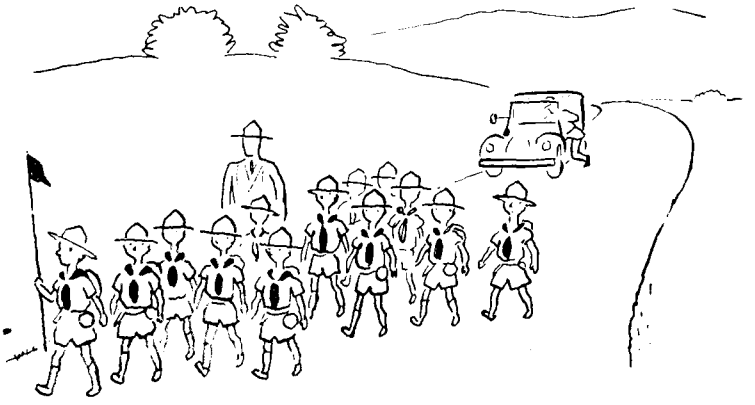

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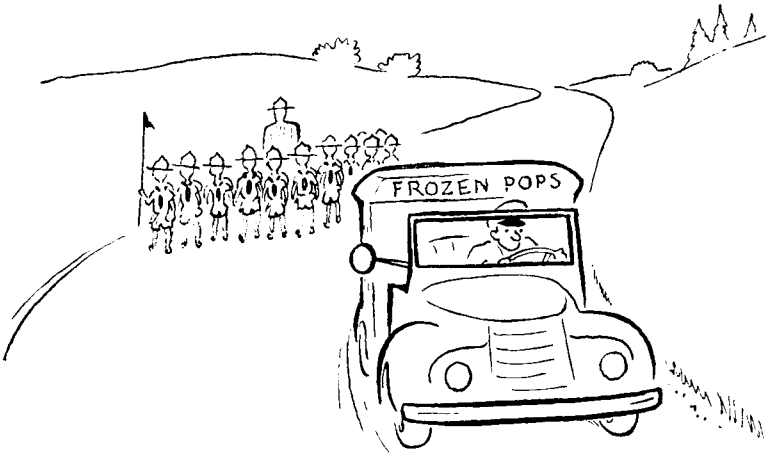

IT was on Sunday, two days later, that Kelby out for a walk came upon Young Bob Stevenson following Elbert truculently down Elm Street, increasing his cadence as his victim walked faster and faster. Elbert was almost at a dog-trot when he passed Kelby, who noticed that the boy's face was pale, and saw the hint of panic in his eyes.

"Hey, Ella!" Bob kept calling after the smaller boy.

Kelby was going to stop Bob and give him a sharp talking-to, and then something decided him to let the boy continue his pursuit. Bob passed Kelby without acknowledging that he saw him calling "Hey, Ella!" in a mocking

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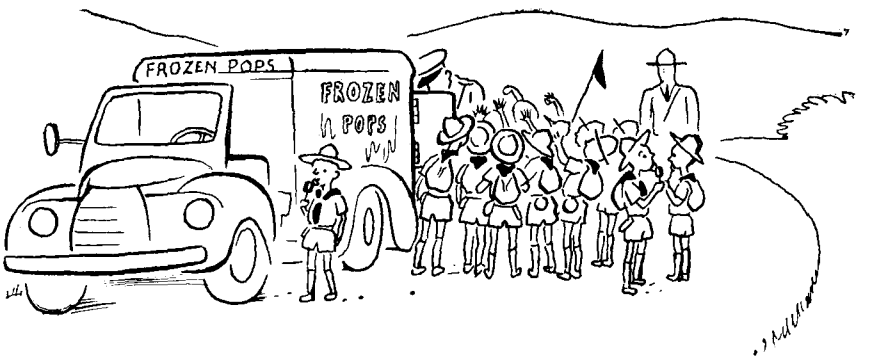

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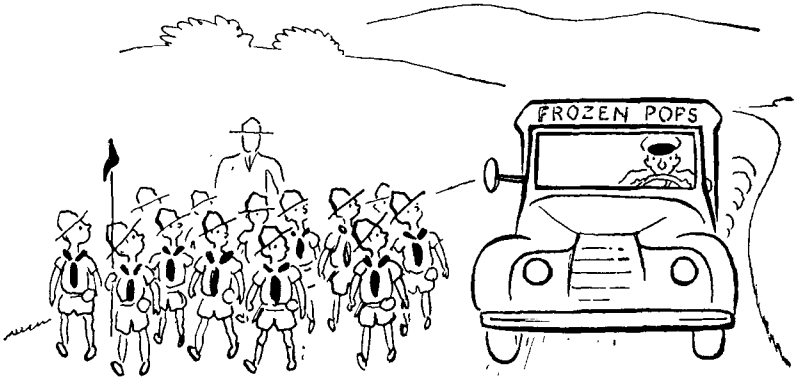

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tone that had picked up an octave. Kelby turned around and followed the boys, but at a slower pace than theirs. Bob overhauled his quarry at the corner of Maple Street, and Kelby saw him reach out and whirl the smaller boy around. By the time Kelby came up to them, Bob, his back to the man, had flipped Elbert's cap off with a swift, insolent gesture. "You want to make anything out of it?" Bob was challenging. Elbert, panting, reached for his cap. "Leave it lay," said Bob, ruffling the boy's hair with his left hand. The future tackle stepped to where the cap lay and place-kicked it into the street. Then he strolled indolently toward the other boy, like a cop closing in on a traffic violator. He put out his hand slowly and took hold of Elbert's nose.

Kelby took two quick steps, grabbed Bob by the shoulder, and flung him around.

"Cut it out!" Bob said.

"Go on home!" snapped Kelby. "Go on!"

Bob scowled, and his lower lip stuck out. For three seconds, he tried to stare Kelby down; then he shrugged, made a noise with his lips, and started to saunter away.

"Wait a minute!" said Kelby harshly. Bob turned in surprise. "Pick up his cap and give it to him," said Kelby.

Bob glared. "Let him pick up his own cap," he said. "It ain't mine."

"Pick it up," yelled Kelby, "or, by God, I'll hold you over it by your ankles and make you pick it up with your teeth!"

Bob's eyebrows went up. He looked at Kelby's face and then away from it. He walked slowly to the cap in the street, spat neatly past it, and swept it up with his right hand. He tossed it at Elbert, who missed it. "So long, Ella," said Bob. "Keep your nose clean." He moved off down the street, whistling.

Through this scene, Elbert had stood where he was when the cap was knocked off his head. He was sniffling and whimpering. "Shut up!" shouted Kelby. "Shut up!" But the boy kept on. Kelby looked at his quivering lower lip and at the convulsion of his stomach. Elbert was fighting to gain control of himself, but he lost the battle and began to weep unrestrainedly. Kelby was suddenly upon him. He grabbed him tightly by the shoulders and shook him until his head bobbed back and forth. He let go of the boy's left shoulder and slapped him on the cheek. "You little crybaby!" sobbed Kelby. "You goddam little coward!"

Mr. Reynolds, who rounded the corner at that moment, had considerable difficulty pulling the grown man off the little boy. "I've seen some bullies in my time," Mr. Reynolds told the elder Stevenson later, "but I never saw anything to match that." Robert Stevenson, Sr., slowly struck a match and slowly lighted a cigarette. He put on his expression of profound wisdom, his lips tightening, his head slightly to one side. "Young Bob tells me Kelby threatened *him*, too," he said. He took in an enormous lungful of smoke and let it out gradually, studying its pattern on the air. "You never know about a man, Reynolds," he said. "You just never know." —JAMES THURBER

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The beauty queen was amazed to learn her $13 would almost finance two youngsters at a fresh air camp for 10 days. "Goodness!" she replied, closing her eyes and doing a little mental arithmetic, "all you need now is about 700 more people to give $13 each and you'd have your objective of $28,000."—*Toronto Star.*

She was just *pretending* to close those eyes.

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POLITE CONVERSATION

"IT is so good in you to come to tea," said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe as she plucked one, last weed beside a petunia that grew out of a crack in the flagstoned terrace. "I have seen so little of you lately."

"I know," said Mrs. Heath, casting about for a new excuse for her unneighborliness, but the effort, on this New England summer afternoon, was too great, and she said only, "It is good in you to let me come," and she wondered how it had been possible to fall so quickly into this habit of saying "in you" instead of "of you." It was but one of the many concessions she had made to the culture of her hostess during the year she had known her, the greatest of all being her frequent attendance at this prolonged al-fresco meal. Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, small and brown, like a larger rendering of the nuthatch that nervously regarded her from a shrub of Japanese quince, made a purling sound of understanding or of deprecation—it was not possible to tell which—and felt the belly of the teapot to test its warmth.

One of the Wainright-Lowe daughters, the only one at home today, came through the kitchen door to the terrace bearing a tea cozy appliquéd with Scotties. She had turned on the phonograph, and the first movement of the "Jupiter" soon burst surprisingly upon them, with a blast that sent the nuthatch whirring off to the pine woods. So displeasing was the tone of all the music one heard in this house that one imagined the family often attacked the records with steel wool or pumice stone, or that they used them as properties in the rambunctious charades it was the nightly custom of this high-spirited brood to play.

Mrs. Wainright-Lowe said, "The music is intended to distract your attention from the barn," and she pointed toward the lopped-off elm branches that the tree men had been accumulating for some days past and that were piled now in lavish disorder in the doorway of the barn, the scene of weekly square-dancing parties. The Heaths were bidden to the dances every Saturday by one or by all of the eleven Wainright-Lowe children, not one of whom had ever, under any circumstances, taken no for an answer. For the eleven Wainright-Lowes were seldom idle when they came home from school and college, or from jobs education and, even when married, even when pregnant, took graduate courses in political science and Eastern philosophy), to spend the summer with their mother. Their notions of entertainment were on a scale so grand that it was necessary for them to recruit far and wide throughout the county in order to fill the large house and the larger barn with tireless merrymakers. Day after day and night after night, the buildings bulged and burst with non-alcoholic jollifications, with laughing, singing, whistling, with the imitations of birds and beasts, with the spasms of accordions and the yammer of fiddles playing jigs, with the shooting of bottles and the chopping of trees and the repairing of boats and the ringing of old cowbells bought at auctions for next to nothing. The Heaths, who were writers and did not look on the summertime as all beer and skittles, accepted all the invitations but did not appear at any of these shindigs. Indeed, they seldom stirred farther than the lake behind their house, or the general store, and the gentry (and especially the Wainright-Lowes), who had done so much to make them feel "at home" in the town, did not know whether they were abnormal or stuck-up.

It was quiet today; all the children but Eva had gone to the seashore to fly some kites belonging to a house guest and to dig for clams, to swim, to sail, to consume cases of Moxie and pounds of frankfurters, and, in general, to occupy themselves every moment of the radiant day. Eva had not gone with them because, through some unheard-of phenomenon, she was tired.

She put the cozy on the teapot beside her mother and said to Mrs. Heath, "But where is Tommy?"

Margaret Heath told them that her husband was working, and Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, giving her a swift appraisal out of eyes that did not believe her for a minute, said, "He works *all* the time, Eva. That's the first thing you must learn about Tommy Heath." Her voice and her manner implied much more, and she smiled with mild, motherly derision as she bent her attention to a tin of foie gras. Margaret bristled at this devious criticism of her husband (she could never be sure exactly what the implication was, but it was clear that the Wainright-Lowes looked

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taken or left alone), even though, half an hour before, she had all but exhausted herself in a polemic addressed to him on why he should go across the road with her to tea at the Bishop's widow's house. Her arguments had been unspeakable; she had sounded like Mrs. Wainright-Lowe herself—had spoken of their need to become a part of the citizenry, had said they would soon be hated by everyone if they did not occasionally accept an invitation; he had irrefutably replied that he would not go today or any other day, because he was an eccentric.

THERE was an abundant tea. There were lettuce sandwiches and cheese sandwiches, peanut-butter sandwiches and tomato sandwiches, crackers spread with pâté. There was a cake, and there were brownies, and there was a plate of candy made by Eva Wainright-Lowe. And the hostess said sweetly, with ineffable forgiveness, "We had expected Tommy, you see. I had told Eva that he eats like a proper man. I simply cannot bear men who have poor appetites, can you?"

"No," said Tommy's wife, although she had never pondered this question before and could not feel that she had an opinion on it at all; she had not, until this moment, ever considered her husband's feeding habits, and she wondered, quite unemotionally, if she gave him enough to eat. She supposed that the departed Bishop had been very much up to snuff in this particular, for in an august portrait in the library he looked a thorough trencherman about the jowls and the satisfied eyes.

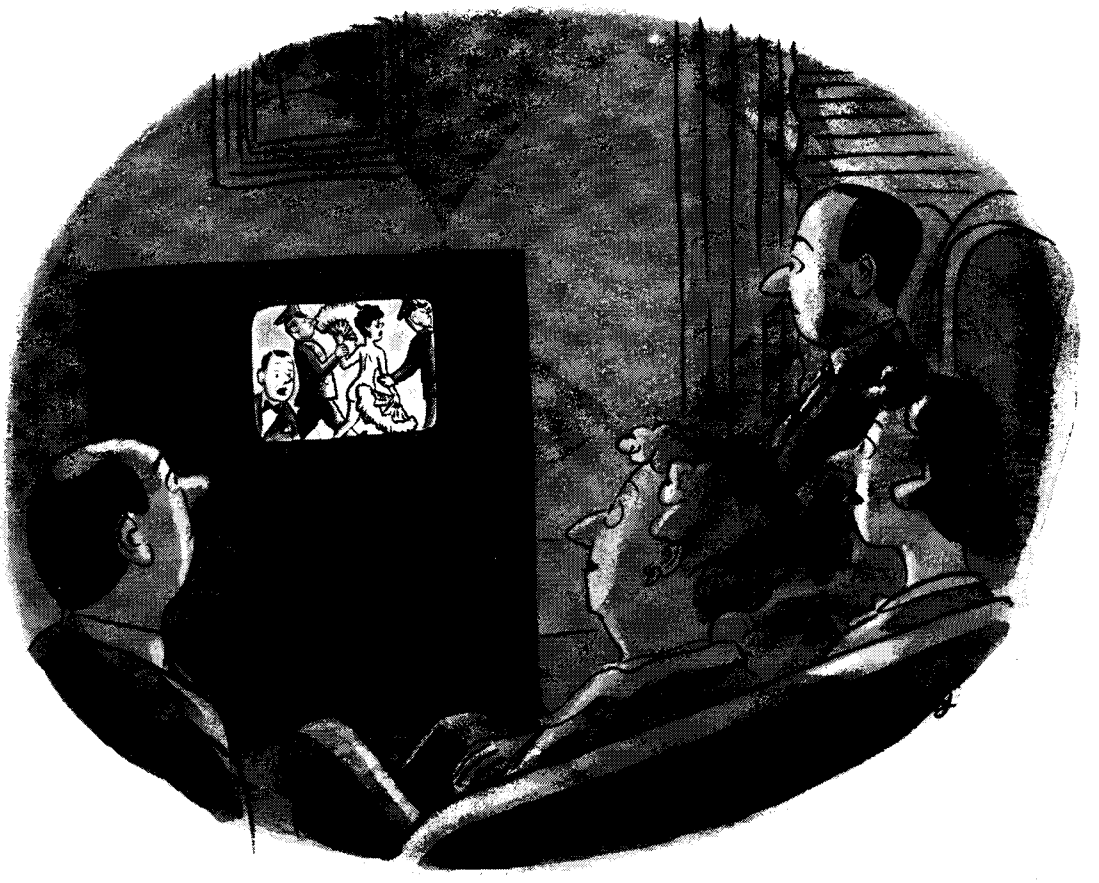
"Perhaps Tommy would change his mind?" said Eva, a large girl, eagerly. "If I went and yodelled under his window, do you think he might succumb?"

The odious image made Margaret's "Oh, no!" come out like a petition. She said, "He must get this off in the mail tomorrow." She hoped they would not ask what "this" was, but they did, and she said, "His proofs," although the last of the proofs had gone off days before.

"His proofs?" said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe. "What are those? Are those the suggestions the publishers have made to him?"

"Well, no, Mrs. Wainright-Lowe," she said, aimlessly displeased, as she had always been since she had known these pious people, at their failure to understand that her husband was not receiving a favor from his publishers but that it was the other way around. And she explained what proofs were.

"Ah, then," said Mrs. Wainright-



"We regret that, due to technical difficulties, we will be unable to continue our regularly scheduled program. In its stead, we bring you a brief interlude of organ music."

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Lowe craftily, "then after this he *will* be free to come to tea."

Eva said, "Oh, to be a writer!"

Her mother said, "Eva has written some very clever things herself, you know, Margaret. Such a cunning poem it was you wrote on Bishop Masterman's Christmas present when we were in Toledo, Eva!"

"Oh, sweetie," said Eva, "don't tell Margaret about *that!* My goodness, Tommy and Margaret are *real* writers!"

Happily—because, clearly, Mrs. Wainright-Lowe was on the very point of telling Margaret about it—the record ended, and Eva galloped across the terrace to the house, hollering good-humoredly, "That's the trouble with a Vic."

"I wish you would get her to show you some of her writing, Margaret," Eva's mother said. "You've no idea how much my children *respect* you Heaths. On every postal card, Martin sends his love to you and Tommy." She referred to her boarding-school son, an indefatigable youth who, during his vacations, liked to lurk in the shrubbery of the Heaths' yard, waiting until he heard the sound of a typewriter; then he would pounce, hammering madly on the door and entering to cry, "I heard the typewriter, so I knew you were at home! May I come and bother you for half an hour or so?" And bother he did, but who could refuse the red-cheeked, fair-haired lad when he was so exuberant, so full to overflowing with long school-pranks and headmaster anecdotes, through the narration of which he gulped with a glee that was a kind of seizure, sometimes sending his voice wailing into the octaves of his infancy?

Eva, returning, said, "He's in St. Louis now. He says St. Louis isn't what it's cracked up to be."

Mrs. Wainright-Lowe seemed to be eying Margaret narrowly, for what dark purpose she could not guess. She said, "You can't think what a delight it is for Martin to have a young man in the neighborhood. He has so many sisters. When he comes back, I hope he and Tommy will often go sailing and fishing together." She paused, and Margaret, sighing for her husband, who was thus to be beset, blew her tea into her face. But the incident went unnoticed, and Mrs. Wainright-Lowe continued, "And skiing at the Christmas holiday and all sorts of things!"

THEY talked graciously of Martin's three-week tour with a band of schoolfellows, and of Mrs. Wainright-Lowe's snapdragons, and of the wickedly ribald postmaster, who made everyone—not only women—blush, and of the plumber, who had recently adopted the pubescent daughter of a murderer father and a diabetic mother. Midway through tea, they were joined by Sister Evelyn, an Anglican nun of the neighborhood, who, belonging to some order of surpassing liberality, spent long furloughs away from her convent with her truculently unwell mother in an ancestral dwelling here at the top of the hill. She liked to read the Office of the Day with Mrs. Wainright-Lowe in the dead Bishop's study. This evening, she came across the broad and brilliant lawn gently, like a gull, her habit drifting on the early-evening breeze. She came straight to Margaret and shook her hand, an unusual gesture for her and a painful one for Margaret, who had, the day before, dislocated her thumb while she was stacking firewood. Sister Evelyn said, "I hope you are better." Margaret recalled no recent illness, so she said, "Oh, thank you, yes, it's much better. I had it X-rayed and nothing is broken."

The nun looked puzzled, and then she said, "Oh, I was speaking of your being ill on the day of Cousin Peggy's swimming party," and Margaret said "Yes," and was unable to say more. "I thought you must be very low," continued the truth-lover, giving her a straight look, "since you had not come to pick the lettuce."

Although the Heaths had quite adequate lettuce of their own, and although Margaret knew that Sister Evelyn and her mother wanted them to pick theirs only so that it would not go to seed and be a mess all over their kitchen garden, she said docilely, "If I may, I will come tomorrow."

"Do," said the nun. "Come in the late afternoon and have a cup of tea. Mama will be so pleased. She was saying only the other day she did wish the young Heaths would feel more free to call."

It struck Margaret that the word

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"free" in this sense was the antonym of "free" in all others, for to enter Mrs. Yeoman's house was to consign oneself to a period of imprisonment, to be turned to stone by the hostess's self-supporting and infuriated monologue on the way the times had changed.

Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, with the sure insinuations of a lifelong habit of self-defeat, said, "It is a rare thing to get the Heaths to drink a cup of tea. And almost never does one get both of them together. Now and again, Margaret will come, and once in a blue moon Tommy will."

"Perhaps they don't like tea," said Sister Evelyn.

"Perhaps they don't like the institution of tea," said Eva, going again across the terrace to attend to the phonograph. Everyone laughed at the implausibility of this last suggestion, and Margaret laughed the hardest of all.

Sister Evelyn had brought a slip of pink paper with her, and when Eva, who taught school in Salt Lake and perfectly adored the West, even though she was still a dude, came back and poured herself another cup of tea, the nun said to her, "Now, here are the names of the teachers. I found them out from Audrey. There is a Mrs. Robertson, a Mrs. Pinkham, and someone who was née Kendricks but Audrey didn't know who she had married."

"Audrey is slipping!" cried Eva with a kind of guttural, barroom laugh.

"Isn't she, just?" said Sister Evelyn. "Well, anyhow, we can start out on this. I think we should ask them all to the first meeting, don't you?"

Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, tucking an overlapping bit of lettuce into her sandwich, explained to Margaret, "We are starting some young people's activities in the village. You and Tommy need not think you can get out of helping us! You evaded us in the winter, but we forgave you, since it was your first year here. But now we have you!"

Margaret vividly recalled the scenes of January, when she and Tommy had been made to feel irresponsible and stonehearted because they would not give up the games of sullen children who wholly hated this Christian intrusion upon their privacy. She said hopefully, "Are the activities to be under the auspices of your church?"

"I suppose that, technically, they are, aren't they, Sister?"

And the Sister, glancing at Mrs. Wainright-Lowe's lettuce and thinking, no doubt, of Margaret's negligence in other quarters, said, "I should think so, certainly. We appear to be the only enterprising group in the county."

"Then, in that case," said Margaret, looking at no one lest her relief show too plainly, "we can't, you know. It's the same as it was last winter. The priest we wrote to said we could not possibly have anything to do with a movement outside our church."

"It's *not a movement*," said Eva, again with that peculiar, beerhouse laugh.

"I think it's too tiresome," said her mother peckishly. "We are all Catholics, whether we are Romans or Anglicans."

Sister said, with a laugh, with a look of disdain for the Romans on her aristocratic, wimple-bound face, "I don't think Rome would quite accept that dictum, my dear," and Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, pouting, said, "Well, I don't care. I think it's tiresome to deprive these underprivileged youngsters of the writing instruction Margaret and Tommy could give them."

THE ladies went on with their plans, and presently it was forgotten that Margaret and Tommy had not "fallen in" with the life that centered around Mrs. Wainright-Lowe's house. Margaret envied Tommy, alone in his study; she looked across the road at their house and at the broad, heart-shaped leaves of the Dutchman's-pipe that encroached upon his windows, and she knew that he was as happy as a lark there, lying on his couch reading either the memoirs of Saint-Simon or the New English Dictionary, while she, poor martyr, listened to these hell-for-leather crusaders scheming and facetiously arguing.

Mrs. Wainright-Lowe finally included her and said, "You don't think we're asking too much of the teachers, do you? If you were a teacher, wouldn't your interest in your pupils carry through the summer?"

"Well, I doubt if it would," replied Margaret, astonished at her forthrightness, and then she mellowed it: "But, of course, I'm not a teacher."

"By the way," said Sister Evelyn to Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, "has your *Atlantic* come?"

"Why, no, has yours?" said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, full of zeal, for upon the *Atlantic* hung these gentlewomen's hopes and fears.

"It came this morning, and I do hope yours will arrive soon, because there is a most interesting article in it by Sir Evanston Marks. It is one of a series of lectures he gave at McGill. He suggests that education is, after all, nothing more than character-building."

"That's just what the Bishop always said," cried the Bishop's loyal widow, spilling her tea in her excitement.

"Besides being ever so original in his ideas, Sir Evanston *does* know his Scripture. He begins with a verse from Jeremiah and scatters bits of the Psalms throughout, and ends up with a passage from Our Lord."

"That is the trouble with us these days," said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe. "We do not read the Bible. Sakes! When I was a child, we read a chapter every night, and we read all sorts of other people, like Newman. Who reads Newman now? Or anyone *like* Newman?"

"That makes me think of 'A Tree

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Grows in Brooklyn,' " said Eva, laughing in her private saloon. "Because, don't you remember, it says they read a chapter of the Bible and a page of Shakespeare every night, so that when they went to school, they knew more than anyone else? Did you read the book, Margaret?"

"No," said Margaret.

"Wasn't that girl terribly young to write a novel?" said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, who had sent over a cake the week before, on Margaret's thirtieth birthday, and seemed, in her rapt glare, to be counting the wrinkles in her neighbor's face. "Wasn't she only twenty-four?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Margaret coldly, and Sister Evelyn, who had no idea what they were talking about, said, "My soul! That *is* young!"

Mrs. Wainright-Lowe said, "Later, I believe the book was made into a movie. I heard the author on 'Town Meeting of the Air' and did not think she was very quick. Do you ever listen to 'Town Meeting,' Sister?"

"Is that one of those breakfast clubs?"

"Not exactly," said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe. "It's in the evening, but it's the same idea."

"Oh, it isn't at all," cried Eva, and started to explain, but Sister went on, "Our children at the orphanage adored those breakfast clubs. They had guests, you see. They would introduce someone and say, 'Here's Jim, just back from Tokyo,' and then everyone would begin to tease Jim. The children loved them, I think, because there was so much laughing. Do you listen to them, Margaret?"

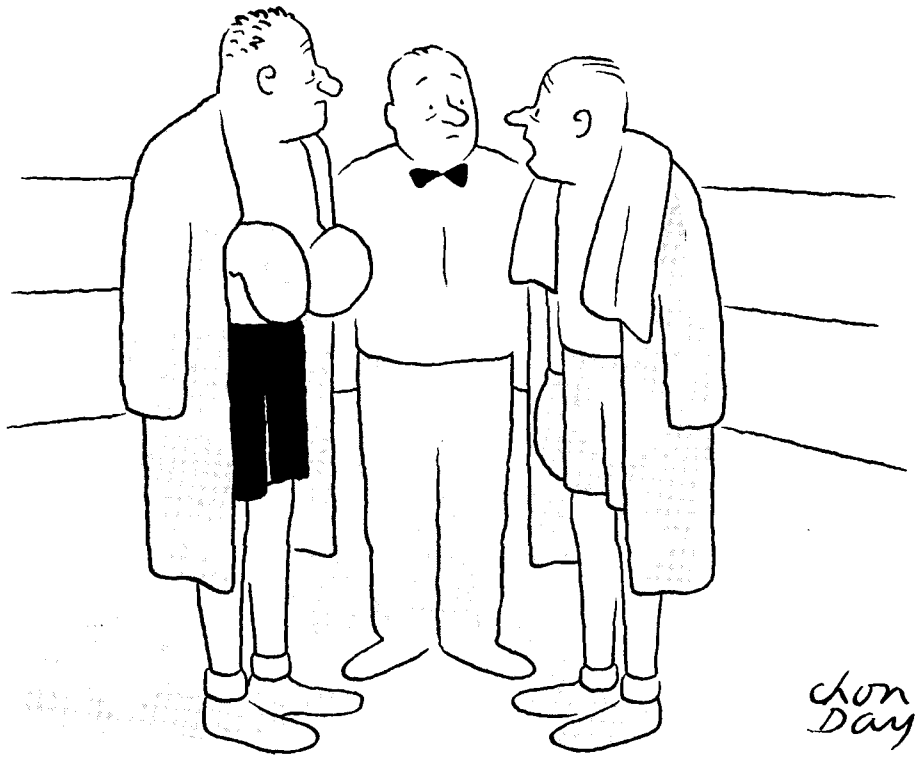
Wonders followed wonders today. Margaret said, as courteously as she could, that she did not; then, feeling that perhaps she had gone too far in her apathy to this conversation, she said, "But I did hear an amusing thing on the radio the other day when I was trying to get the news. I tuned in to a children's quiz program—"

"Oh, the 'Quiz Kids!' " shouted Eva.

"No, no, it wasn't that," said Margaret, already bored with her contribution. "It was something else entirely. Anyhow, the announcer asked one child what he wanted to be when he grew up, and he said, 'A dry cleaner.' "

They all smiled, but it was not their sort of thing. Sister Evelyn said, "That reminds me of the child who told me he wanted to be a mortician, just like his Uncle George, whom he admired."

"A mortician!" gasped Mrs. Wainright-Lowe. "Sakes!"



"You sure he understands about retiring to a neutral corner after knocking me down?"

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"And I was afraid he had learned some of the tricks of his Uncle George's business before he came to us," said the nun, "although he did not seem to be a morbid child."

"Oh, well," said Eva, "kids will be kids."

Sister Evelyn patted her knee, for Eva's love of children was well known. "You ought to know." And Eva gurgled like a stomach.

After a moment's silence, it was announced that the gardener's mother, who had died at noon the day before, was ninety. Mrs. Wainright-Lowe said, "Bishop Masterman spoke once of going to a party for a woman who was a hundred and eight years old, and she remembered that in her childhood General Washington and his staff had often stopped at her father's house on the upper Hudson. All the women of the neighborhood came to help cook for the General. It makes one feel it is just a step from our times to those, doesn't it?"

"It does," said Sister Evelyn. "The sheriff was telling me a similar story the other day. About some old lady in Saco who had memories of the same kind. George Washington, or something of that sort."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, sighing to think of the proximity of history. "Bishop Masterman was so clever when he taught children. I remember, on this same occasion, he explained to mine that although the Year One seemed a long time ago, it would only be back twenty lifetimes. Twenty men, that is, living to be a hundred and overlapping one another would be all that would be necessary to go back to the Year One."

"That's awfully good," said Eva, "but I don't remember his telling *me* that."

"You have a good forgetter," said her mother.

"But I do remember that house he took us to see in England. Do you remember the cobblestone court, and how the chapel entry was right under a cherry tree?"

"Such a lovely house!" said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe. "The best sitting room was on the third floor."

"They were always on the second or third floor," said Sister Evelyn. "Even in my mother's day, there was always a 'best' parlor on the second floor. And the ballroom, of course, at the top of the house."

Now Mrs. Wainright-Lowe turned directly to Margaret and said, "I forgot to ask you, what did your architect friend say about your house? Sister, Margaret has an architect friend who is spending the summer in West Bath, and we are both so keen to have

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him advise us about our kitchens."

Margaret said, "I'm afraid he's not really interested in old houses."

A veil of disapproval came down over the widowed eyes, and she said evenly, "Oh. He's from New York, isn't he?"

"New York," said Sister Evelyn, stating a regrettable fact.

"Yes," said Margaret, and, probing the ugly, public wound, she added, "As a matter of fact, he was born there."

The lacuna hovered like a leaf about to fall. The teacups somehow did not reach their saucers but stayed still in midair. Mrs. Heath's manners and her friend's character would get their due at future teas.

Suddenly, Mrs. Wainright-Lowe sat up straight, in an inexplicable little tantrum, and said, "I think Tommy is gravely mistaken if he thinks one can live by art alone. But I daresay he would call *me* bourgeois for posing that question!"

Eva popped a pâté cracker into her big mouth and said, "Oh, dry up, Mother! Did you knit that sweater yourself, Margaret?"

"No, my mother-in-law did."

Sister Evelyn said, "Mama was so disappointed that your mother-in-law did not come to call when she visited you."

"We didn't like to disturb her, since we knew she'd been ill, and we knew what a time you were having getting servants." This was not exactly true. Margaret's mother-in-law, after hearing the Heaths' description of their neighbor, had said, "I think it's lovely to have her next door, and I'm sure it must be relaxing for you and Tommy to go there to tea after a hard day's work. But don't let's go."

Sister Evelyn, riding the crest of this earthly life, said severely, "She might at least have come to see the woodwork in the library."

Mrs. Wainright-Lowe said, "What *is* your servant situation these days, Sister?"

"The handmaiden arrived from Rockland yesterday. But she will not sleep in. She is staying with her aunt in the village, and the aunt delivers her a little before seven and comes to fetch her a little after seven."

"Who is the aunt?" asked Mrs. Wainright-Lowe.

Sister Evelyn laughed. "It's very intricate. Her name is Annie Bedlow, and she was—I found out all this from Audrey—Annie Cashman before she was married, and her mother, Nellie Cashman, used to live in Arthur Rutherford's house, on the Pond Road, the house that now belongs to the Misses Archer. And these Misses Archer are first cousins, once removed, to Annie Cashman Bedlow, and our child—Betty Temple, her name is—will divide her time between her aunt and these cousins, who are her second cousins. Second?" she asked herself. "Yes, that's right, second cousins."

"Whoop-de-doo!" cried Eva, lying down flat on her back on the lawn. "I vote you get A for recitation, Sister."

THE sun was beginning to set. Margaret fixed her eye on Sister Evelyn's broad cuff, and when the nun raised her hand with the teacup, she saw with relief that the hands of the big, efficient watch stood at half past six. She returned her cup to the tray and said, "I must go get dinner."

"You've just had tea," said Mrs. Wainright-Lowe.

"But Tommy hasn't."

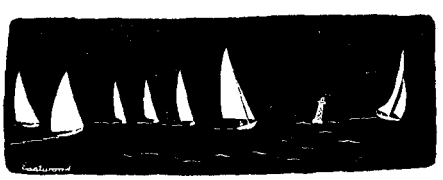
"Not because he wasn't *asked* to have it. I do declare, I shall have His Lordship here tomorrow at tea and I shan't take no for an answer. You tell him that for me, Margaret—I shan't take no for an answer. With his thingumbobs off in the mail, he'll have no excuse."

"None," said Sister Evelyn firmly.

"Won't you take some roses to adorn his dinner table?" said the invincible widow.

And Margaret was obliged to wait while Eva went to fetch the shears, while Mrs. Wainright-Lowe, obsessed, donned her thornproof gloves and meticulously and maliciously selected the handsomest of all her flowers, handling each as if it were an inestimably precious chalice, full of hemlock, and, giving them to Margaret, she said, "Thank you for coming. It was so good in you to come to tea."

At that moment, a car came racing down the road, burgeoning with Wainright-Lowes home from the beach, and against this racket Sister Evelyn, who would wait just a moment before she, too, left, said, with a dim, tea-party smile, "And tomorrow, while Tommy is here, you will come and visit with Mama, won't you? So glad you are going to be in residence the year around." —JEAN STAFFORD



VIRGINIA CITY, NEV.

"The terrible girls have outlived all that silver,"
Said the matron from St. Louis, Mo.,
And the taxi down from Reno every night
Waits by the prefab cottage door
Under the one red light.

"How strange that in this mountain rock the graves
Are marked with wood," said the clerk from Cleveland, O.,
And the worms get through another wind-smooth cross,
And the playbill face of Joseph Jefferson
Peels from the Opera House.

"Buy me a drink where Mark Twain wrote that book,"
Said the blonde from Pasadena, Cal.,
And where the streets fall off into clear sky
The Indian in the G.I. shoes
Watches the Fords go by.

"Look, genuine nuggets from the Comstock Lode,"
Said the dentist from Port Huron, Mich.,
And minerals glitter in his thinning blood
Where death made a killing in the hills
And settled down for good.

"Ten silver dollars for the slot machine,"
Said the bride from Providence, R. I.,
And where the hurricane of avarice
Once passed, the juke box in the Last Chance Bar
Opens its silver voice. —JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

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"Of course you realize this washes me up at the bank."

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

EVERY LITTLE TOUCH HELPS

THE theatre has for some weeks now been undergoing its annual conditioning on the summer circuit. As usual, it has let down the bars and has been openly encouraging an intermingling of divergent theatrical, or would-be-theatrical, types the like of which one would be startled to find together in a steam-heated casting office in the Forties. In addition to being sprayed by the sea and damped down by woodland mists, it has absorbed almost to the saturation point a wide variety of strains from Hollywood, television, radio, colleges and universities, and Kiwanis Clubs. The liveliest summer playhouses, I discovered during a recent trip I made around the circuit, are those embracing the most heterogeneous aggregation of talents, many of them only remotely associated with the theatre. "We're putting on 'Lady in the Dark' with a cast of forty-nine," the producer of the Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, at Sea Cliff, Long Island, told me happily. "I threw in everybody I had, including our ushers. Then I ran out and augmented the cast with débutantes from some of the estates around here. *Everybody* in the show is acting loco."

In their more contemplative moments, summer showmen, a number of whom have been, or still are, active on Broadway, maintain that theatre on the summer circuit is an art closely allied to that of theatre in Manhattan—a constructive, useful one. They further point out that something like three thousand Equity actors are acting this summer, at least three times as many as are usually employed in the winter; that summer is the best time for fledglings to acquire the experience necessary to qualify them for Equity jobs; and that a well-managed summer theatre will bring its sponsors substantial returns that they can invest in Broadway productions scheduled for the fall. But any such sober long-range analysis of the situation is likely to be disrupted the next moment by the necessity of facing the immediate problems of evening-to-evening existence. Typical of such problems was one that came up while I was at the Westport Country Playhouse, at Westport, Connecticut. It was the day before a new revue called "Pretty Penny," directed by George S. Kaufman, was to open there; the show had closed the previous night at the Bucks County Playhouse, at New Hope, Pennsylvania. I was discussing movement with one of the powers behind the Westport project when the man assigned to make the "Pretty Penny" company feel at home burst into the room. "Bucks already took its toll," he said distractedly. "Two dancers and a soprano! Sprained ankle, poison ivy, and a sore throat. *Out!* Now *we* get a crack at the show. They're here twenty minutes and right away they start falling apart all over again. They're losing Kaufman tonight, and next week maybe two of the leads. By the end of the summer, the only thing left of this show will be the author."

The circuit doesn't always operate in such a breathless manner. The proprietor of a theatre called Tanglewood, at Falmouth, on Cape Cod, assured me that he runs his establishment with machinelike precision. "I am a factory," he said. "We process material for New York production here. The show we're doing now has a lot of jokes about Dodger fans and Brooklyn and Adam and Eve. A joke that gets laughed at up here will survive to be laughed at on Broadway. A joke that doesn't gets processed so that it does." A member of the cast of the show that was then playing at Tanglewood was not quite so confident. "Unfortunately, not many of the summer-circuit shows ever reach Broadway," he said. "They always tell us that they're going to put six of their shows on Broadway in the fall. And then the fall rolls around and they don't put on any."

ALL the summer playhouses I visited are known as Equity theatres, meaning that at least six of their personnel belong to the actors' union and are protected by union rules. The working conditions of non-union members in such theatres vary from house to house.

There are about a hundred and twenty-five Equity theatres on the circuit, most of them in the East. (Nobody knows how many non-Equity theatres there are, but they certainly number several hundred. They are usually run by younger, more overtly dedicated enthusiasts, unfettered by rules of any kind and unconcerned, for the most part, about profits.) Equity actors in summer theatres receive twenty dollars a week while a show is in rehearsal and a minimum of fifty a week once it's on, they may not be made to rehearse more than eight hours a day, and if their quarters are more than half a mile from the theatre and no commercial transportation is available, the management must provide them with transportation to and from the theatre. The majority of the operators of Equity theatres belong to an organization called the Summer Stock Managers Association, which gets together occasionally to compare notes on the effect of the union's rules on their business and cagily discuss profits and losses. Their estimate of their joint gross is a million dollars a season. Only fifteen or twenty of them are generally thought to have wound up last summer with a profit.

To open a summer theatre with an Equity rating requires an investment of from ten to twenty-five thousand dollars, depending largely upon the cost of acquiring and outfitting a theatre and upon the quality of the performers the proprietor intends to engage—and, in conformity with union rules, post bond for. At the ten-thousand-dollar figure, he usually has to get along with a resident stock company. With few exceptions, the Equity actors in resident companies receive no more than the minimum pay, but this is made up to them—in part, at least—by the fact that they are given the opportunity to play leading roles week after week. Theatres with larger working capital tend to operate on what is called the star system, importing one name actor each week and paying the outsiders anywhere from five hundred dollars up, and frequently a percentage of the box office as well. If a theatre is really affluent, it may also engage actors with a good deal of professional experience to play some of the supporting roles.

The well-heeled theatres also have a tendency to book during the season at least one or two of the shows that are known in the trade as packages—productions that come pre-rehearsed and barring such hazards as those al-

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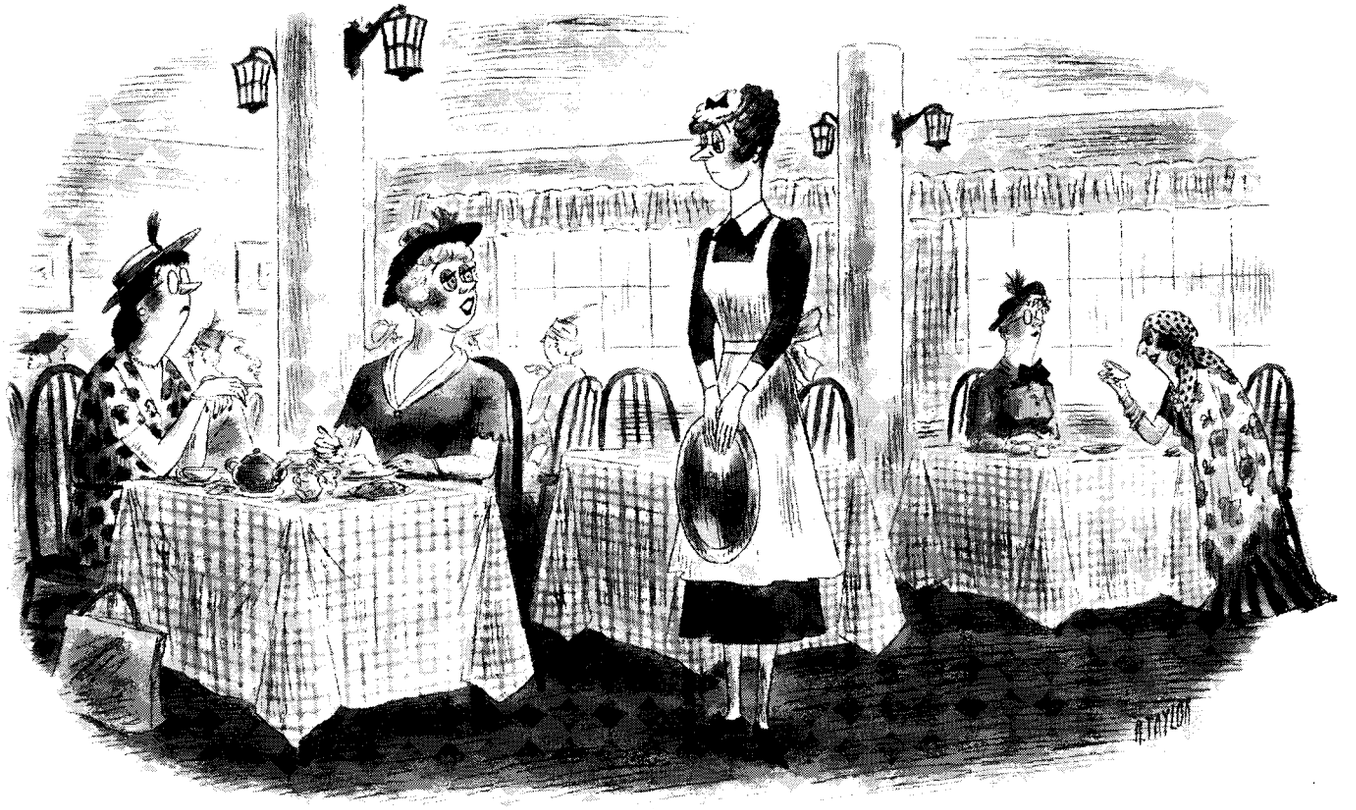

"Is your gypsy optimistic?"

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luded to by the gentleman at Westport, with full casts. The package may be a new show, like "Pretty Penny," or it may be an old and tested one, like "Private Lives," which this summer has been transplanted to the circuit from Broadway with its five-member cast, headed by Tallulah Bankhead, intact. Each member of the cast of a package negotiates a contract independently with the management of each theatre at which the show is presented; in the case of "Private Lives," Miss Bankhead customarily receives five thousand dollars a week—and, sometimes, a percentage of the profits—and her four supporting actors get a total of around two thousand, which makes this the most expensive package of the season. I happened to be visiting the Falmouth Playhouse, a new summer theatre at Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, on the afternoon "Private Lives" arrived there—like most packages, only a day before the opening. Also like most packages, its contents were thoroughly familiar with each other but not at all familiar with the stage and the set to which they were going to have to accommodate themselves. *Unlike* most packages, this one, its leading lady announced, would require no dress rehearsal. "I know this play so well I can do it underwater," Miss Bankhead said with considerable firmness as the manager of the house, the curtain puller, and various minor members of the resident company gathered about her on a terrace adjoining the theatre.

There was a brief silence. Then the manager of the theatre edged forward. "But tomorrow is our *first* first night," he began imploringly.

"In that case, you ought to do something about those Indian signs I saw down the road, darling," Miss Bankhead replied. "All those damn little Indians with their damn little bows and arrows pointing *away* from the theatre."

The manager left, and the curtain puller moved up. "Wouldn't you even rehearse your curtain calls?" he asked. "The Kiwanis Club gave a show here the other night and *they* rehearsed *theirs*."

"You just hold that curtain for a long time between the second and third acts," Miss Bankhead said, giving him a strong look. "The last act takes only twenty-seven minutes, and I don't want the audience to think they've been cheated."

The following night, shortly before curtain time, Miss Bankhead discovered that the chairs for the first-act set had no arms, and announced that she could not throw herself around in her accustomed manner on armless chairs. The stage manager sprinted out to the terrace, snatched up a couple of wicker armchairs, and put them on the stage, and the opening was brought off successfully, even though now and then the members of the cast had to lunge a bit desperately to be in the right place at the right time. As Miss Bankhead was taking her final curtain call, she produced a bottle of champagne, wished the Playhouse a fine season, and christened it by breaking the bottle over a cabinet on the set—and breaking the cabinet, too.

Some stars who don't come in packages arrive at a theatre in time to put in a whole week rehearsing (three weeks less than is customary on Broadway), but many of them consider this a waste of effort and don't bother to get together with the rest of the cast until the night before the opening. "What you agree on at a rehearsal of a cast made up of resident actors, transients, and maybe a ticket taker or two has no connection at all with what they'll do on opening night," one actress who has put her foot down on multiple rehearsals said the other day upon her return to Manhattan after a swing through New England. The single-rehearsal stars usually stick to just one role all season, but each week, as they travel around the circuit, they encounter

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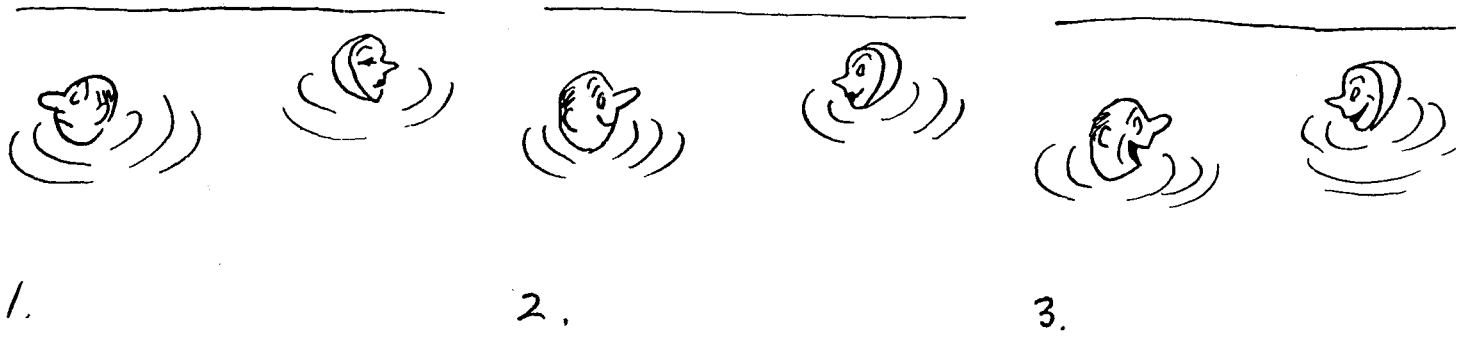

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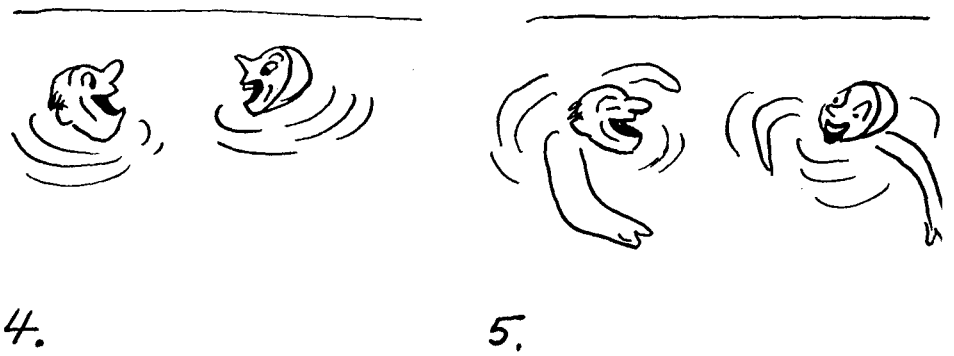

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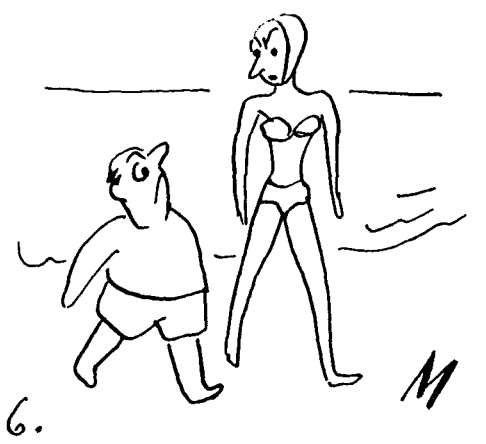

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a new theatre, a new set, a new supporting cast, a new director, and frequently what amounts to a new script. "We've got a free hand to rewrite," one resident director told me. "The authors never see what we do, and anyway a lot of the plays we handle are so old and have been revamped so many times in the movies that nobody remembers what they were like originally." One play popular on the circuit is "Love From a Stranger," for which Signe Hasso, having taken leave of Hollywood, has formed an attachment. A few minutes after closing in "Love From a Stranger" at the John Drew Theatre, at East Hampton, Long Island, one Saturday evening this summer, Miss Hasso and her leading man, taking with them an East Hampton version of the script, set out to drive to the Cape Playhouse, at Dennis, Massachusetts, determined to reach there in time for at least one rehearsal of the play before its opening the following Monday. They drove all night and all the next morning, and upon arriving at noon immediately went into a huddle with the Cape Playhouse supporting cast of resident actors and the Cape Playhouse director, who had been rehearsing his charges for a week. A rehearsal began at once. It soon developed that the East Hampton version of the play was somewhere in between the author's original and the Dennis version. It also developed that the Cape Playhouse stage was deep, whereas the one at East Hampton was shallow. The consequence of this disparity was that the Cape Playhouse resident actors had to turn their backs on the auditorium to address Miss Hasso and her leading man, because at East Hampton they had got into the habit of taking no more than two steps forward, as three would have tumbled them into the orchestra pit. "This is hardly the time to start rewriting the play," the Cape Playhouse director said moodily. Nevertheless, at four o'clock Monday morning, Miss Hasso, the supporting cast, and the director were still at work taking East Hampton lines out of Miss Hasso's script and putting Dennis lines in. "Everything will be all right," a Cape Playhouse man assured me when I met him outside the theatre after breakfast Monday. " 'The Two Mrs. Carrolls,' which is going the rounds this summer, too, is really just a rewrite of 'Love From a Stranger.' So audiences will think *this* is *that*. Everything will be all right."

Noel Coward's "Present Laughter," a play that has been booked for one-week stands in country playhouses all summer, is a production that combines some of the features of a package with those of the one-rehearsal star system. Edward Everett Horton and four other players travel with "Present Laughter," and the six remaining characters are selected from the resident company of each succeeding playhouse. There is often a considerable lack of rapport between the permanent and the temporary members of the cast. "This show ought to be called 'Present Lives' or 'Private Laughter,' " a permanent member told me. "One thing it's not is Noel Coward." The show is supposed to be played at a brisk pace, and this often leads to strained relations. "We're prepared for inconveniences, but some of the inconveniences are *too* inconvenient," Horton says. "We want to play it quick. The newcomers are always slow on the upbeat."

THE general happiness of resident actors at summer theatres is the responsibility of the resident manager, whose multifold jobs include replacing burned-out light bulbs and providing fresh pillowcases, seeing to it that breakfast facilities and supplies of calamine lotion are ample, remembering to whom among the local population it is imperative to say hello, and adjusting the various difficulties engendered by payrolls, empty seats, thunderstorms, and skunks. Apprenticed to him, and to the entire resident company, is a group of college students and other neophytes who seem to be passionately addicted to the theatre. They are assigned to such duties as scaring up props by scouring the countryside for miles around, helping paint scenery, and keeping dressing rooms neat. Every now and then, one of them even lands a bit part. Sometimes the apprentices are not wholly satisfied with the roles that come their way. "Stars!" one of them said gloom-

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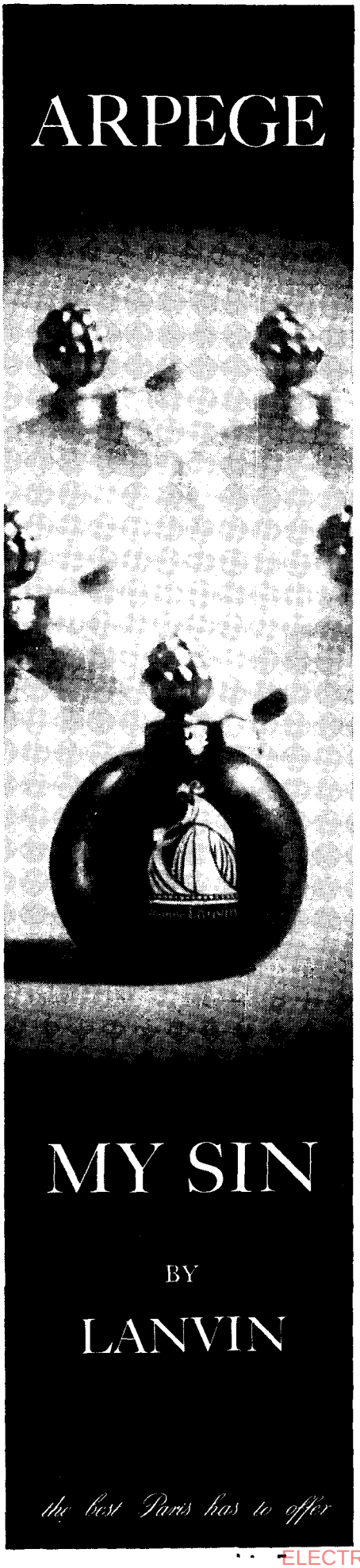
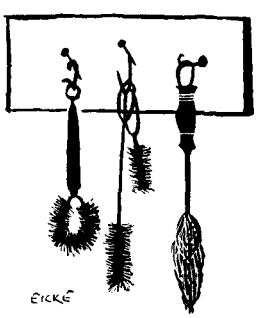


ily to me. "They get all the good parts. I'm supposed to get a part in 'Amphitryon 38.' A big part, the director tells me. So what happens? It turns out I'm only an offstage echo." For the most part, however, apprentices are enthusiastic about their work and often take on chores that are over and above the call of duty. "I told the apprentices to sweep up the stage last night," the manager of the Cape Playhouse said to me one day. "We'd painted it with markings showing us where to place the sets. Took us three whole days to figure those markings out. So the apprentices stayed up all night scrubbing—and scrubbed off every one of them." As a general rule, apprentices receive no salary and, like the actors, pay for their own room and board. At some of the smaller summer theatres, apprentices are charged a fee of from fifty to three hundred dollars, and the managements rely heavily on these tuitions to see them through the season, but the better-known houses rarely make a practice of this. Among this season's crop of apprentices, perhaps the most inexplicable to his colleagues is a young man named James Awe, whom I ran into at one of the Cape theatres I visited. Awe was formerly an assistant to Joshua Logan and has the good fortune to be a stockholder in both "Mister Roberts" and "South Pacific." At the time I saw him, he was a curtain puller. "I got tired of all that smooth professional stuff," he said when I asked him about his seeming comedown in the theatre. "What I like to do is pull the curtain. Why, the other night I brought it down, and up again, right in the middle of a scene, and nobody seemed to mind."



Some of the greener apprentices appear better versed in the theories of Stanislavsky than they do in the working theatre. A few weeks ago, a weary refugee from Hollywood was greeted upon his arrival at the Bucks County Playhouse by a first-year apprentice who immediately delivered a lecture on how important it is for actors to eat together, toil together, and live together. "The Stanislavsky technique is not only a matter of artistic consciousness," the apprentice said severely. "It is to many artists also a way of life!"

"Sure, fella, sure," said the man from Hollywood. "Listen, you positive I got a private bath out here?"

There are, of course, apprentices who are more cynical than the one in Bucks County. At the Falmouth Playhouse, a nineteen-year-old veteran apprentice known to one and all as Susie, who had spent the summer of 1948 at the Westport Country Playhouse, invited me to lunch with her at a nearby inn. We were joined by the Falmouth's resident manager, a young man named Herman Krawitz, and by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who had just arrived to begin rehearsing "The Winslow Boy"—his first experience in a summer theatre.

"You two can eat together and get to know each other real well," said Krawitz, something of a Stanislavskyite himself, to Susie and Sir Cedric.

"Jolly good!" said Sir Cedric gallantly.

Susie turned to Sir Cedric, measuring him solemnly. "The trouble with eating with Westport actors was that they always talked about themselves," she said. "It was *so* boring!"

Sir Cedric glanced uncertainly at Krawitz, who gave him a jovial pat on the back and said, "Never pay special attention to stars is my theory. Around here they get treated just like anybody else."

"Jolly good!" Sir Cedric said, sounding puzzled but vaguely reassured.

After a few moments of silence, Krawitz asked Sir Cedric what he planned to do in the fall. The actor told him he expected to direct and play in a Broadway presentation of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," and that after his engagement at the Falmouth he was flying to England to have a talk with Shaw about the production. "If I may say so, I am rather looking forward to seeing Shaw," said Sir Cedric. "We worked together when I was rehearsing to play Caesar in the London production in 1925." He paused and looked dubiously at Susie.

"Girl I know at Vassar likes Shaw, too," she said blandly.

As we were leaving, the bartender waved cordially to Sir Cedric and called, "I *heard* you was up on the Cape, Mr. Rathbone!"

On our way back to the theatre, Krawitz told Sir Cedric that natives often get mixed up about the stars, because there are so many around, and that Basil Rathbone was playing thirty miles away, in "The Heiress." "Rathbone is a handful," Krawitz added. "He came up here with his wife, his ten-year-old daughter, a French gov-

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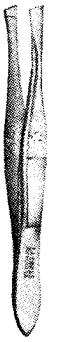

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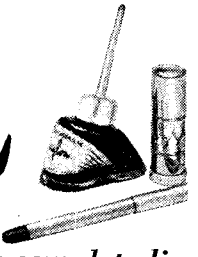

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erness, and two dogs. Some stars need home surroundings to give their best."

"Dogs?" asked Sir Cedric. "Are you permitted to bring dogs?"

"Apprentices bring puppies," said Susie. "I guess you don't know much about summer theatres. I guess you don't have them in England."

"No," Sir Cedric said happily. "We have no summers in England."

ALTHOUGH in a lot of ways the summer theatres set a pattern of their own, at least some effort is made by many of them to retain a few of the conventions of Broadway. Programs frequently outdo Manhattan's *Playbill* in their breezy chatter about subjects that have little or nothing to do with the theatre. In one of them, I read, "Have you ever noticed the symphony that the buoys play off the Woods Hole shore when the fog comes in?" and "Filene's in Hyannis offers an air-conditioned shop that is a pleasure to spend money in." Opening nights are formal occasions at which curtains may be held for as long as forty minutes while the management pleads with the audience to take their seats. "Everybody swims in the same ocean here, so people have to make the most of any opportunity they get to see and be seen the right way," one manager explained to me. A Westport Playhouse usher told me that opening-night audiences there arrive just as late, dawdle just as long in the lobby, and are generally just as rude as those in New York. "That's because most of them are New Yorkers and they don't want to leave any doubt about it," she said.

During an intermission on the opening night of the "Private Lives" package at the Falmouth, I came upon Congressman Joseph W. Martin, Jr., looking bewildered and forlorn. He couldn't recall whether he had seen the play before or not. "All I know is this is better than going to sleep at nine o'clock," he said. Some theatre people who have summer homes near summer theatres, or are visiting people who do, like to attend openings. "It's a change," Oscar Hammerstein said to a group of friends standing outside the Westport theatre just before the opening performance there of "Pretty Penny." "Here you see at least a *few* people who are relaxed. At a New York opening, nobody is happy." "I refuse to go," says Richard Maney, the theatrical press agent, who lives in Westport. "People who live in the country get tired sitting around looking at their silly guests, so they take them to a summer theatre. It's all a de-

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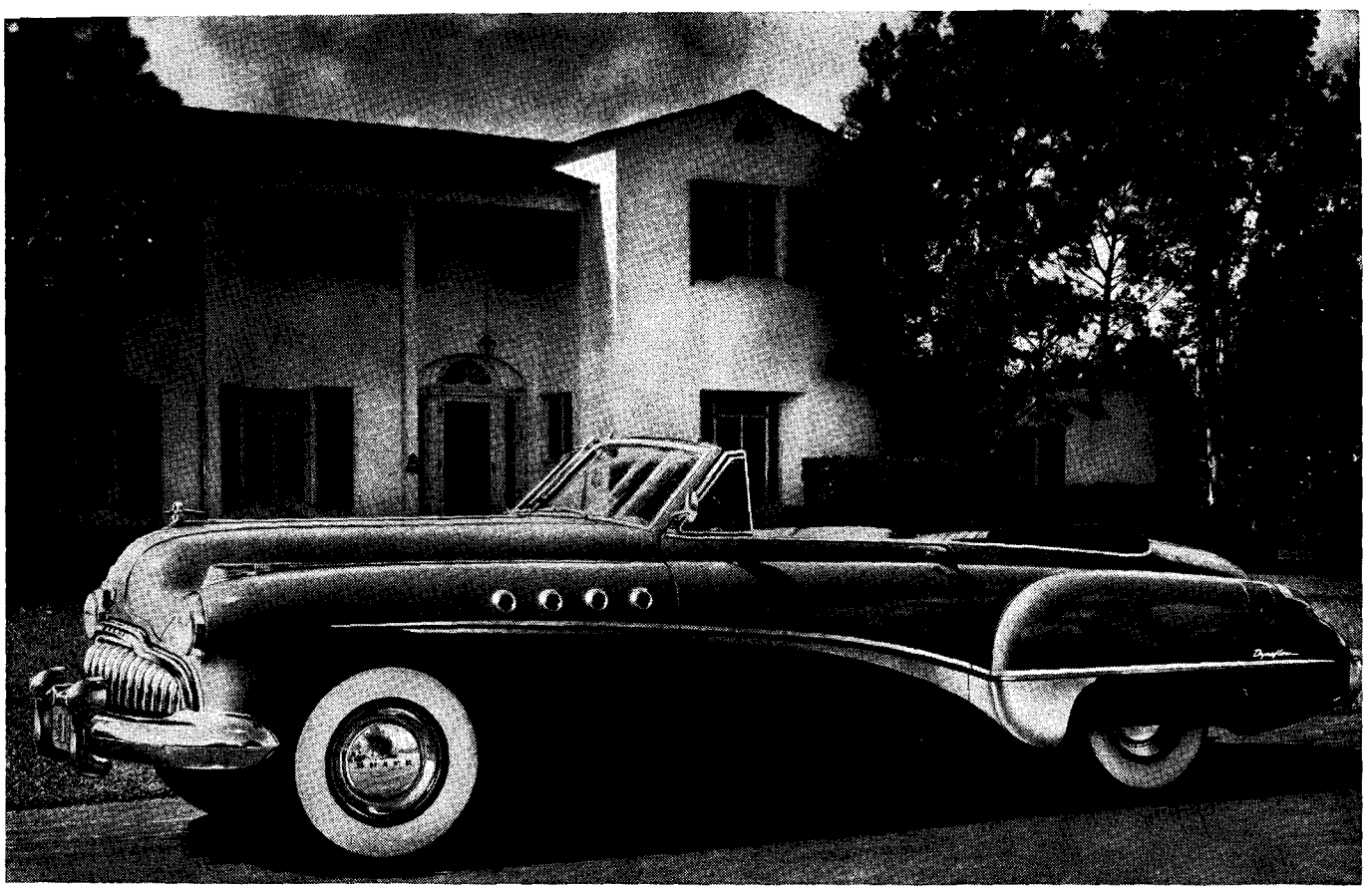

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lirious swindle. Nothing worth a damn ever came out of a summer theatre except food for hungry actors. They stagger around the circuit for three meals a day. Twentieth-century indenture!"

IT is one of the tenets of a substantial number of country-theatre operators that their playhouses, like those of the Messrs. Shubert, should resemble old barns. This often calls for ingenuity, because most of the summer playhouses are neither barns nor old. In some instances, proprietors of houses that are new or have just been remodelled find themselves obliged to seek professional assistance in creating a respectable appearance of decay. "Whenever you *need* worms around here, you never get them," the owner of a recently built wooden theatre complained to me. "I thought nature would do the job for me free over the winter. Instead, I've got to go out and buy linseed oil and pay someone to rub it on." Another owner, in an effort to achieve an atmosphere of antiquity, sells soft drinks during intermission from a wagon labelled "Iced Phosphates and Minerals." "Every little touch helps," he says.

In addition to trying to make their theatres look old when they are new, a few owners try to make them look cool when they are hot. One of these has a curtain made out of artificial pine needles. "The important thing in the country is the illusion," this owner says. The management of the Bucks County Playhouse does not rely upon illusion but provides real air-conditioning, at the same time steering a middle course between the ancient and the modern. This company's productions are put on in a two-hundred-year-old mill that stands beside a canal in which there is a dam that once provided waterpower to turn the mill's wheel. The mill has been remodelled, but the dam has been preserved in more or less its original condition. The water running over the dam's spillway makes a pleasing sound but one that has been found to be distracting to Playhouse audiences. Accordingly, each evening, just before curtain time, the water is silenced by diverting it from the canal through a sluiceway to the cellar of the theatre, where it is used in the operation of the air-cooling mechanism. "We are old one minute and new the next," a member of the staff told me with pride.

To be sure, some of the Equity theatres occupy buildings that actually were once barns or stables, but the casual playgoer might never know it unless the fact was called to his attention, as it carefully is at such places as the White Barn Theatre, at Irwin, Pennsylvania, whose corncrib, the only remaining agricultural fixture, serves as the box office, and the Greenbush Theatre, at Blauvelt, New York, in which the playgoer is apprised of the building's former use by the nameplates of some cows that in other days occupied what is now the lobby. But for the most part summer theatres are structures that were designed not as barns or theatres but as something entirely different, such as a Methodist Tabernacle (Sea Cliff, Long Island), a Masonic Temple (Norwich, Connecticut), a high school (Nyack, New York), an Odd Fellows Temple (Skaneateles, New York), a ballroom (Newport, Rhode Island), a paper mill (Millburn, New Jersey), a toy factory (Chatham, Massachusetts), a nickelodeon (Cape May, New Jersey), and a town hall (Bar Harbor, Maine). A few summer theatres were actually intended to be theatres, among them the three oldest in the country—Elitch's Gardens, at Denver, Colorado (1890); the Lake Whalom Playhouse, near Fitchburg, Massachusetts (1893); and the Lakewood Theatre, at Skowhegan, Maine (1895). All three of these ancient theatres were built by traction companies to stimulate traffic on their trolley lines and all three are still in operation, though only Elitch's Gardens can still be reached by trolley. The proprietor of a more recent theatre that was built as a theatre, at Barnesville, Pennsylvania, takes a defensive position in behalf of modern construction. "Anything resembling a barn would be hard on the stars," he says. "Their voices would resound unconvincingly to the audience." It is true that some stars don't like to play in houses whose designers did not intend them to be theatres. During the war, when the gasoline shortage closed most summer playhouses, the head of one of them moved his company into the grand ballroom of a large hotel in a nearby city and invited Miss Bankhead to appear there. "I will not," she replied. "I do not sleep in theatres and I do not act in hotels."

BOTH stars and resident actors on the summer circuit find it expedient to adopt a wary approach to the rigors of country life, including natives—human and otherwise. "It is advisable to begin preparing the community at least three months in advance, prefer-

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ably six," states "Blueprint for Summer Theatre," a booklet compiled and edited under the auspices of the American National Theatre and Academy. "If you're not willing to devote that much time in preliminary spadework, the odds are you will lose your shirt." In East Hampton, a notice on the call board backstage at the John Drew Theatre reads, "To be accepted by the town of East Hampton, we must conform to those accepted tenets of dignified social behavior which a sober, religious community expects from its leading citizens." Local citizens, accustomed to a more rugged way of life than the average actor is, usually offer stars and resident performers alike only the skimpiest facilities for sleeping and eating. Local moths and other flying bugs, showing even less sympathy for actors, compete violently with them onstage for the attention of audiences and then follow them to their rooms at night. "I am in a bed with three legs!" Sir Cedric Hardwicke complained feebly one morning as he entered the Falmouth Playhouse for a rehearsal. "Every night, I roll out onto the floor seven times. After half a century in bed, I have discovered new adventures. Furthermore, I am at the mercy of a moth—a female, I am led to believe by her persistence—who has taken a great fancy to me and refuses to relinquish her hold. I am required to appear in a wheelchair in the last act, but by opening night I will most surely be in that chair the whole time." Whenever possible, Edward Everett Horton avoids sleeping in strange beds by commuting to summer theatres from his apartment in New York. "I dash off the stage with my makeup still on," he says. "I don't mind driving a hundred miles or so if I can wash my face with good city water."

In New Hope, there is only one inn of any consequence, and only one room in it has a bath. During the season, this is reserved for the star appearing at the Bucks County Playhouse each week; when a star turns up a week ahead for rehearsals, he gets a room without a bath. Theron Bamberger, who operates the theatre, told me that the townspeople become intensely excited when word gets around that the outgoing star is making way for the incoming star to take over the room and bath. "They carry on about things like that," he said. "I've worked them up to take a genuine interest in us." To help integrate the activities of the Playhouse and New Hope, Bamberger makes a point of hiring neighborhood talent as often as is

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feasible. I was walking down the town's main street with him one day when a small boy pedalled slowly past us on a bicycle.

"Might have a part for you in a couple of weeks!" Bamberger called to him.

"All right," the boy called back, "but remember I don't like to play with no hams!"

The Westport Country Playhouse's production this summer of "The Time of Your Life" was reviewed in the Westport *Town Crier* under the headline "PLAYHOUSE OPENER IS WORTH LITTLE TIME OF YOUR LIFE," indicating that the community is not cowed by the presence in its midst of a theatrical organization that is operated under much the same auspices as the Theatre Guild. Having become by now almost a part of the metropolitan area, Westport offers its summer-theatre residents accommodations that are several cuts above those available at most other stops on the circuit. Four of the more youthful members of this summer's company—aspiring to be a director, a stage designer, a playwright, and an actor, respectively—are occupying a small mansion, which they have rented for the summer and call Le Château sur le Plateau. "You should have seen the one we almost got," the incipient stage designer, Paul Heller, said to me. "It was an Italian villa with a mother-of-pearl piano inlaid with a floral design of the late nineteenth century, and it had a real tiger skin on the floor. You could really be creative in a place like that!" Lawrence Langner, the head of the Theatre Guild, runs things at the Playhouse from his two-hundred-acre farm, six miles away. The theatre, a sheep barn in pre-Revolutionary days that has been remodelled, redecorated, and properly aged, was opened by Langner in 1931. "We're an incubator," he says. "We're so popular apprentices *fight* to come here." The apprentices at Westport, of whom there are some thirty-five, five times as many as are on hand at the average summer playhouse, frequently consult him at his farm. Langner has a swimming pool, near the banks of which are forty sheep and a tennis court. The pool is really an elaborate, winding man-made miniature lake, with a man-made island in the middle on which are trees and shrubs, a marble bench, and, usually, Langner, reclining on the bench, wrapped in a white robe reminiscent of a Roman senator's. The apprentices are encouraged to swim out to him to talk over any ideas they may be incubating. A youthful playwright swam out with a script the other day and swam back with an option.

THE greatest concentration of summer theatres, and the greatest concentration of diverse elements, is to be found on Cape Cod, whose winter population is forty thousand. Every summer, the natives say, a quarter of a million strangers come across the Canal and move into such retreats as Jolly Whaler Cabins—dining perhaps at Cockle Cove Inn and trading at Goose Hummock's Sporting Goods Store. "Out here, you're in the bush," a Hollywood actor engaged for two weeks on the Cape said to me. "Where the hell can you go? How the hell can I learn my lines when all I got to look at is bushes and water?" Edward Chodorov, the playwright, whose wife, Gwen Anderson, has been starred in two plays there this summer, told me that the creative urge had left him completely as soon as he set foot on the Cape. "This is a caterpillar's life!" Chodorov said. "It claimed in the brochure everything is a step away. A step? Two miles for a cup of coffee!"

Resident members of non-star companies on the Cape are inclined to be scornful of the stars at competing houses, who, it seems to them, are inclined to put comfort before art. Among the most scornful are the residents at the Monomoy Theatre, at Chatham, an earnest group of actors who think nothing of walking two miles for a cup of coffee. The Monomoy is owned and operated by Mary B. Winslow, a young lady who designs and paints all her own sets and has lost an average of five thousand dollars a season over a period of six summers. She appears to have an unlimited fund of not only capital but enthusiasm for bringing plays to the natives. This summer, the natives responded by awarding the Monomoy a prize in Chatham's Fourth of July parade, for a float depicting how arduous life backstage can be. "People in the country are hungry for live talent," I was assured by Richard Purdy, a Monomoy actor who appeared in the Broadway production of "Crime and Punishment" a couple of years ago. "The natives are eager to see the struggle of the creative spirit trying to assert itself." Another member of the Monomoy company has a theatrical history

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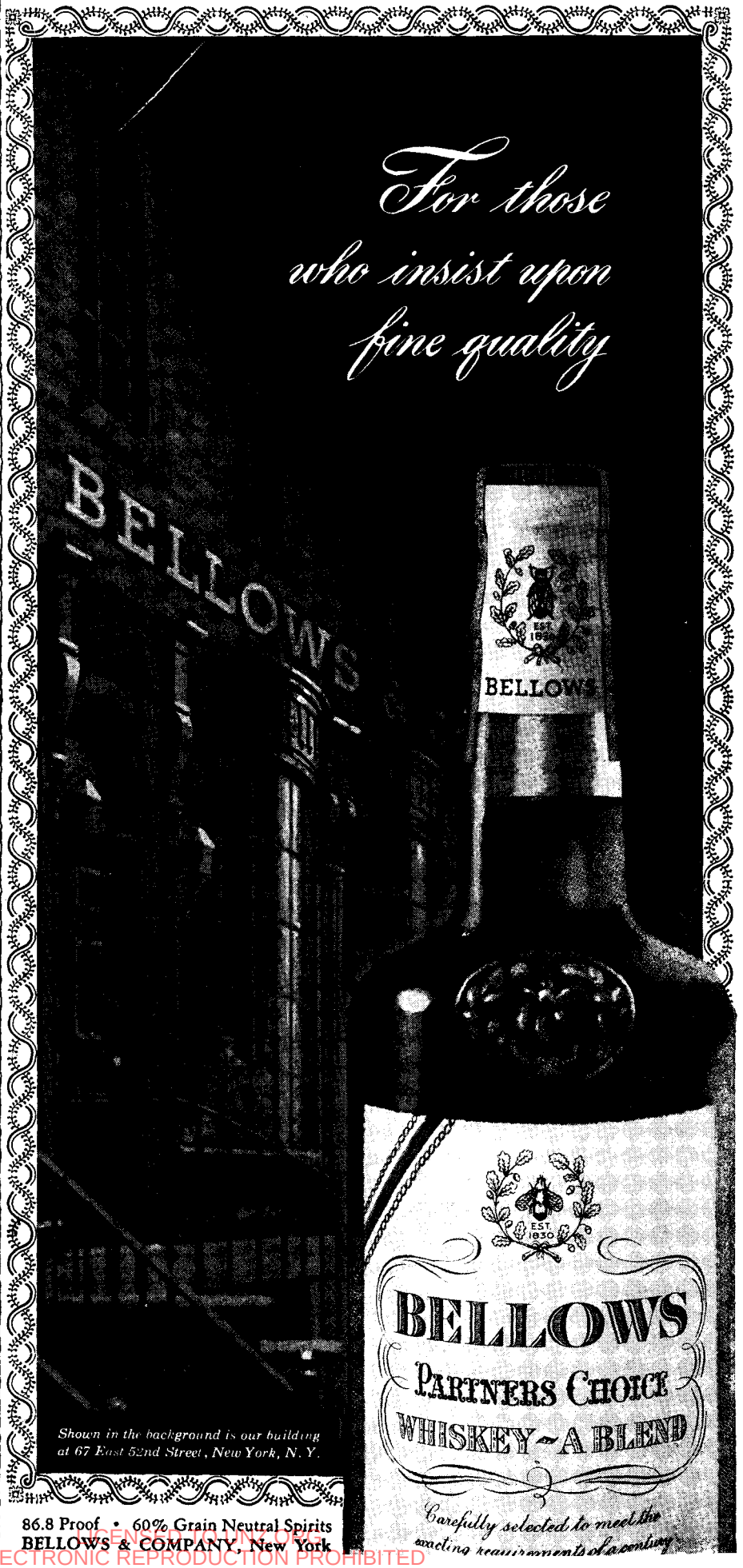
that includes swimming at the World's Fair Aquacade, skating with Sonja Henie, dancing in Broadway choruses, and singing in Hollywood pictures. When I saw him, he was playing in "The Glass Menagerie." "I am broadening myself for Shakespeare," he said.

Possibly the dean of the summer circuit is Richard Aldrich, who has been running the Cape Playhouse off and on since 1935, and the Falmouth Playhouse since the beginning of this summer. He believes that summer theatre is more invigorating than winter theatre. "I know for a fact that Theron Bamberger is miserable all winter," he said to me when I called on him. "Why, with my profits from this summer I'll have money to put into a number of new plays this fall." Aldrich's zeal for warm-weather theatricals dates from 1924, when, while a student at Harvard, he and a number of other college boys organized the Jitney Players, a group that, assisted by a Ford truck with a body that opened up into a stage, carried a repertory of three one-act plays and one three-act play around for two summers to stands all over Long Island and New England. "Wherever we went, we gave people an appetite for theatre," Aldrich says. "Wherever we went, there is now a summer theatre." The Cape Playhouse was started in 1927 by the late Raymond Moore, a Baltimore painter and botanist, who laid out gardens and installed bird-watching stations on the grounds, and a small library in the building with such volumes as "Our Wild Orchids," "The Butterfly Book," and "How to Know the Wild Flowers." There is some rivalry between Aldrich's playhouses as to which has the better birds for neighbors—Dennis (bluebirds) or Falmouth (song sparrows). There is also some rivalry as to which theatre provides its patrons with the most comfort. Dennis offers foam-rubber seats in its top-price section ($3.60), and seats padded with one and two layers of cotton ($2.40 and $3, respectively). "It's hotter in there than it used to be in Minsky's on Labor Day," Krawitz, the Falmouth manager, told me. "We've got six hundred orthodox seats here, taken from the Forty-sixth Street Theatre when it was done over last year, and we sell them for from three-sixty to one-twenty—just one row of one-twenties, so we can say we're all sold out of *them*. Besides, we've got four bars, a supper club, and good breezes from our lake. We've also got our own resident playwright in the box office. He gets every afternoon off



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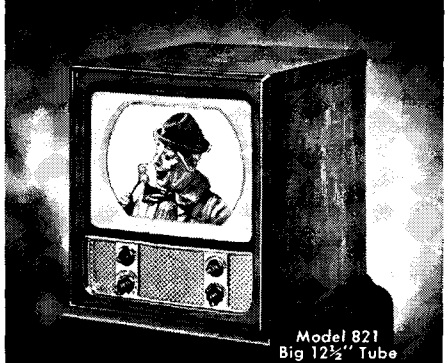

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

to work on his opus. Mr. Aldrich lets us do things our own way. He never worries about us. My rule is never tell Mr. Aldrich anything."

DURING the several days I spent in the vicinity of the Falmouth Playhouse, I saw a good many of the preparations for the company's production of "The Winslow Boy," in which, along with Hardwicke, Dennis King was to be starred. The supporting cast included a Hollywood juvenile and a radio actress who had had herself written out of various soap operas in order to be present. The resident director, Martin Ritt, a heavy, muscular young man with a broad chest and the manner of a gym teacher, was in charge of molding the cast's collective talents in six days. The first time the players assembled, Ritt hitched up his dungarees, clapped his hands sharply three times, and called, "Let's go, kids!" Sir Cedric stopped staring out the window and came to attention. "I want you to understand this play," said Ritt. "It's a good play, about good people with good feeling, and it's a play with meaning—a good father is fighting reactionary elements in England in defense of his little boy, who has been expelled from the Naval Academy. If you develop a deep understanding of what you're doing, we won't have any trouble. O.K.!" he said, and clapped his hands again. "Rehearsal tomorrow morning at nine-thirty on the dot!"

A couple of days later, Ritt invited me to sit in on a rehearsal. I arrived just as he was clapping his hands to call the cast to order. "Now that we've got it licked technically, kids," he began, "we can get on to the acting part. Start socking it in! Wham!"

It soon developed that the lad who was to play the Winslow boy was missing. Someone said that he was out diving in the lake, trying to retrieve a ring lost by Donald Cook, of "Private Lives," then the current attraction at the Falmouth, and that Cook was so broken up over the loss that he might not be able to play that night.

"Go get the Winslow boy!" Ritt bawled to an apprentice. "The hell with Cook's show!"

"'*Play*,' Martin. 'The hell with his *play*,'" said Sir Cedric. "I do abhor 'show.'"

The rehearsal proceeded smoothly for a while, and then Ritt asked Sir Cedric to move from the fireplace to a chair. "Take off!" he said briskly. "Lam!"

"If I might say so, Martin," re-

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plied Sir Cedric, "the fireplace is sort of the patriarchal throne in England. Frightfully important, this, you know."

"O.K., kid," said Ritt. "Stay put. It won't hurt the basic significance."

At this point, Edward Green, the property man (and a former Marine), came in with Krawitz, who nodded genially to Sir Cedric and King and informed them that in the future they wouldn't have to walk halfway across the Cape for breakfast. "Got the hot plate, cups and saucers, canned orange juice, tea in bags, and tea loose, as requested," he said.

"What about the percolator?" King asked wearily. "Monday we got the cream, Tuesday we got the coffee, Wednesday we got the sugar, but we haven't *yet* got the percolator. Perhaps by Sunday we shall have a cup of coffee."

"Got the pot," Green said tersely, producing a percolator.

The two stars resumed the rehearsal, Sir Cedric holding the coffeepot tenderly.

On opening night, I ran into Sir Cedric accompanying Susie, who had landed the job of prompter, to the theatre. "I implore you, dear," Sir Cedric was saying, "please don't give me the line unless I look at you out of the corner of my eye. You *are* a bit eager to prompt, you know."

"I guess you're kind of tired," said Susie.

"In one week, you have witnessed the decay of a perfectly innocent man," Sir Cedric said to me. "I am in no condition whatever to see Shaw. I suddenly feel suicidally inclined. That is a line from the play. I have become rather fond of it." —Lillian Ross

•

WOODPECKER

I hear his little drum upon
The tree that he has come upon.
The tree is dead, this limb of it—
At any rate, the rim of it.
A limb so nicely rabbited
Is sure to be inhabited:
Wherefore the rising decibel
To everyone addressable.

—David McCord

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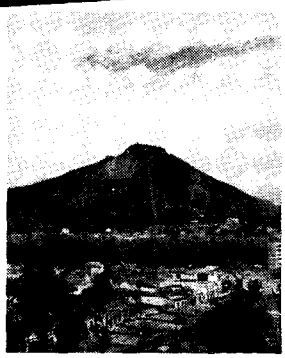
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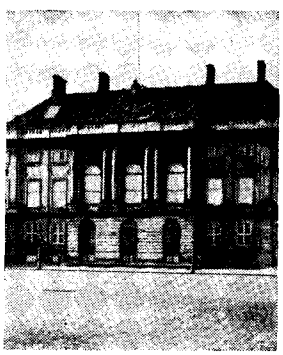
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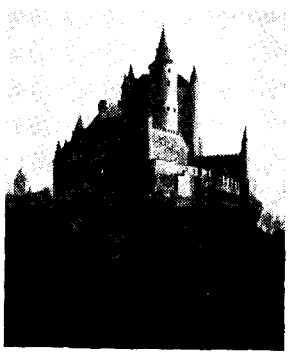
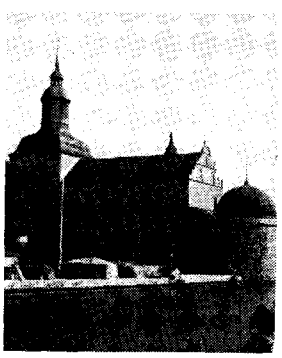

SPAIN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THE RACE TRACK

Good Show

IT is undoubtedly safe to say that, by and large, the Saratoga Association last weekend had the best racing of its meeting so far. Of course, you expect something extra from a program that includes both the Travers Stakes, which is the oldest fixture in this country, and the Saratoga Special, which is the blue ribbon for two-year-olds, but you don't always get it. On Saturday, all the finishes were close, except in the steeplechase event, and Glisson rode three winners, so almost everybody went home happy.

There were ten entries, the biggest field in years, for the eightieth Travers, which was won by Arise. None of the horses was any great shakes (if you want to make a point of it, what three-year-old right now *is*?), but they put on an exciting show. Arise probably would have won more easily than he did if his jockey, a young man from the Bronx named Consolato Errico, hadn't been in such a hurry and had ridden more smoothly in the last furlong. Daiquari was second, and horse-watchers were a little bemused by his improvement. Early in the week, he had tired badly going seven furlongs, and nobody had dreamed that he could run a mile and a quarter so sturdily. Arise is owned by W. J. and Harry Addison, of Toronto. It was the first time a Canadian horse had won the Travers since Wilfrid Viau's Omar Khayyam did it, in 1917.

Before the Special, James Cox Brady, the owner of the favorite, Casemate, told anyone who was interested that he had no idea how well his horse would run over the heavy track but that he hoped for the best. As it turned out, Casemate led for half a mile, then tired, and finished last. More Sun won the race and the purse of $12,750. This gave Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Brookmeade Stable a clean sweep of the events for colts, Greek Ship having won the Flash and More Sun the United States Hotel Stakes, the week before. Mrs. Sloane spent most of her prize money last Friday evening, paying $32,000 for a gray colt by Mahmoud out of Forever Yours at the yearling sales.

THE surprise of the week was the fadeout of Assault, who was fourth in the Massachusetts Handicap, won [illegible] Downs

My guess is that the mud did Assault in as much as anything; he has never run well in it, you know. A lesser surprise was the defeat of Re-Armed, Armed's younger brother, in the Washington Park Futurity, at Homewood, Illinois. A colt named Curtice just ran too fast for him. I think it was the late Henry McDaniel, as articulate a trainer as I ever knew, who once said, "Good horses have a lot of poor relations."

AS far as I'm concerned, Miss Tilly was by far the best horse in the Hambletonian Stake, at Goshen, last week. Winning the first heat wasn't easy. There were eighteen starters, and because the track was too narrow to send them all away in line, the collection of three-year-old trotters went off in two ranks of nine each. Miss Tilly, who drew the unfavorable fifteenth post position, in the rear rank, worked her way forward in the early stages of the race and won by half a length. The second heat was play for her. It is the custom in harness racing to give the pole, as the position closest to the inside rail is called, to the winner of the first heat, and she made the most of her advantage, trotting the mile way ahead of everything else. The victory of Miss Tilly, who is owned by C. W. Phellis, wasn't entirely unexpected. After all, she was the best two-year-old trotter last season and was a winter-book favorite for this year's Hambletonian. Those trotting-horse fellows make fewer mistakes than their running-horse brethren when they put down future bets. Miss Tilly's victory was a triumph for Fred Egan, her sixty-nine-year-old driver and trainer. Egan, by the way, wasn't the oldest driver in the Hambletonian. Ben White, who is seventy-six, handled William Wells, and, although he didn't finish in the money, he at least managed to beat the post-time favorite, Bangaway. They do say that being around horses keeps a man young.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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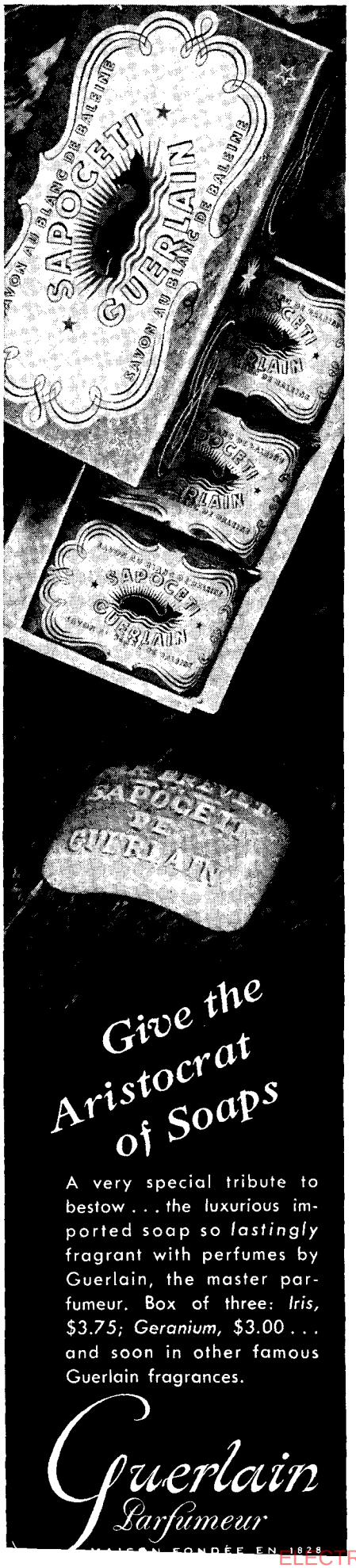
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SCHIZOVERBIA IS NOT DEAD

A FEW years ago, I introduced readers of this magazine to an unusual and endearing speech mannerism of a friend of mine, whom I called Jimmy Forbes. For this eccentricity—the splitting up of a word and the twisting of it around so that it becomes a descriptive phrase—I invented the word "schizoverbia." One of the examples I cited was his calling some street urchins "ragged little muffins." Jimmy, I noted, had joined the Army and I expressed the hope that he would come back safe. Well, he's back. After the war, he went to South America for an oil company, and the other day he came to New York on a leave of absence and called me up. We had dinner and spent the evening together, and I am pleased to report that he hasn't changed at all and that he is still unself-conscious about his schizoverbal speech.

We were on our second Manhattan when he remarked that the colonel of his old outfit in the Army talked the whoopiest dedoodle about morale of any man he'd ever heard. He also told me that the colonel had once made a hull of a baloo about some mistake he, Jimmy, had made. Jimmy described another officer of the colonel's generation, who figured in a rather ribald anecdote, as a "bunctious old ram." As for the general staff in his theatre, it had been made up of completely addled and antiquated pates.

During dinner, Jimmy began to talk about civilian life and told of a wild party he had gone to in Rio de Janeiro, where he had met some local girls who were mad, luscious little caps. One feature of his job that he doesn't like is attending board meetings. "Just one long series of the gabbiest damn fests," he told me. The head of the legal department down there is a long-winded, petty, dismal fogger. And if you stay down in the tropics too long, you turn into a cross, boozy old patch.

Parenthetically, I might mention that a few weeks before Jimmy called me, I had come across something in a newspaper that had made me wonder whether he mightn't be in South America. In the course of an interview, Herbert Moses, the Brazilian publicist, had said of his wife, "She was the liveliest wire I ever met in my life." This was not quite schizoverbia, but it came close enough to make me think he must have been talking to Jimmy.

Jimmy, by the way, is still annoyed with Congress, which, when I saw him

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before he went into the Army, he called "a blathering bunch of skites." This time, he said they are a windy lot of bags, given to annoying sesqui damn pedalianism. He seemed tired toward the end of our evening together and excused himself, saying that living in the tropics had made him a rather sleepy sort of head. Also, he had a business engagement early the next morning with a fuddy old duddy from the Bankers Trust. I reluctantly wished him good night and took the subway toward my domy little cile.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

HIATUS IN DISCIPLINE

Stubborn child, under the back-yard catalpa tree,
Stamping your foot at me,
I have forgotten what I required of you;
I am only seeing your foot, in your angry, kicked-out shoe,
And your eyes already defiant against the next word.
Oh, it would be absurd
For me to answer you this way, ever again!
Accept instead that starling's intimate flute;
Accept instead the first brief rattle of rain
On the dusty catalpa tree, as the only dispute.
Who am I, in this pause before an August shower,
And what is this hour
To the years that will soon be clapping their rigid hands
And forcing upon you who knows what commands?

—ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
(BARE BOARDS DIVISION)
[*From Motion Picture*]

Oddly enough, Miss Hayward is very little different from you and me in this respect, and she's quite ready to admit it.

And about that new $5,000 mink coat she's so proud of. When she and Jess and the twins moved into their new house in the Valley, after being evicted four times from rented apartments, they had used up virtually all their cash for a down payment. There was very little left for furniture, and the living room is still unfurnished. Then Jess said one day, "Honey, I think you need a new mink coat." (Susan had cut up her nondescript old one into scarves for shopping at the grocery store.) "But what about the living room?" asked Susan. "Oh, I can always sit on the floor," Jess said, amiably. "And besides, think how much better an empty living room is for showing pictures on the projection

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people are talking ...

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25

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Great Man

THESE are the dog days in the motion-picture-exhibiting field, all right. When I say "dog," I am not referring to small dogs—Pekes and Poms—but to great big, snarly, ill-tempered beasts. Up and down Broadway, the mastiffs are now on display, and the only conceivable reason people pay their money to attend is that they have an uncontrollable urge to climb into an ice-box and stay there for a couple of hours.

In contrast to what is laughingly called "the current cinema"—so hot, so dry, so cruel on the mind—I should like to recommend an eight-year-old creation of W. C. Fields', "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break," mercifully resurrected at the Avenue Playhouse. I seriously doubt if you will find anything funnier in town. (I seriously doubt if you will find anything else in town that is funny at all.) At the risk of having to fight a duel with the earnest group that believes "The Bank Dick" is Fields' masterpiece, I hereby enter "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" as my nomination for his funniest picture. In it, the boozy old Master has a wild and glorious fling. Largely responsible for the semblance of plot, he has cast himself as The Great Man, an avuncular fixture at a studio named Esoteric Pictures. The Great Man is peddling one of his own scenarios, a script of classic dimensions in which he has outlined for himself, naturally, the leading role. Most of "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" consists of scenes from this imaginary film, perhaps the sharpest parody of Hollywood ever made. We see Fields high in the skies in a fabulous airliner with his beautiful niece, a child singer of the species *Durbina durbina*. This child bursts into song at the slightest provocation. Dawn breaks, and The Great Man, in his aerial upper berth, is suffering from the usual complaint. "Are you sick?" asks the hostess, peering through the curtains. "Somebody put two olives in my Martini," moans The Great Man. "Would you like a Bromo-Seltzer?" asks the hostess. "I couldn't stand the noise," says The Great Man.

A moment later, and he is on the open

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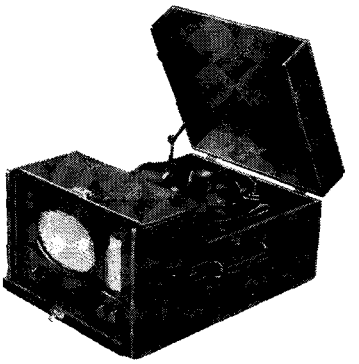

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plane. He places a bottle on the window sill, and over it goes. Over, after it, goes The Great Man. He lands on a settee high on a mountaintop, in an idyllic garden, alongside one of the loveliest chicks imaginable. "Are you a man?" she asks. "I have never seen a man before in my whole life." The Great Man can barely restrain his delight. He teaches her a little game they play down below called Squidjum, in which people close their eyes and press their lips together. Just a game, he assures her, and she enjoys Squidjum like merry hell until her mother, a witch type, appears and wants to play, too. Over the side of the mountain goes The Great Man, and into a Russian village where the happy peasants are singing frantic songs dedicated to the beauties of the soil.

There is small point in pursuing further the logical line of this drama. Before The Great Man is through, he has encountered a huge gorilla, blown the foam off an ice-cream soda, and wildly driven an elderly lady to a maternity hospital, under the mistaken impression that she is about to have a baby. Believe me, there has never been anything like that automobile ride anywhere, not even in "The Bank Dick."

I FOUND "Anna Lucasta" pretty disappointing. The story has returned to the original notion of an all-white drama in a Pennsylvania mill town. What was intended, I guess, was Chekhovian scenes of family life—a psychological tragedy in which a father who lusts for his daughter attempts to wreck her life. The authors never quite had the courage to carry the notion through, and the results are inconsequential. The characters are, to put it mildly, loosely drawn. There is a Brooklyn bartender, for instance, who speaks in accents unrecognizable this side of Bronco Gulch. Called upon to inform Anna that her father has died, he says, "Seems like he had a stroke awhile after you left, and never come to." Paulette Goddard, as Anna, is distinguished chiefly for her décor—a tight-fitting outfit that would stop a tugboat. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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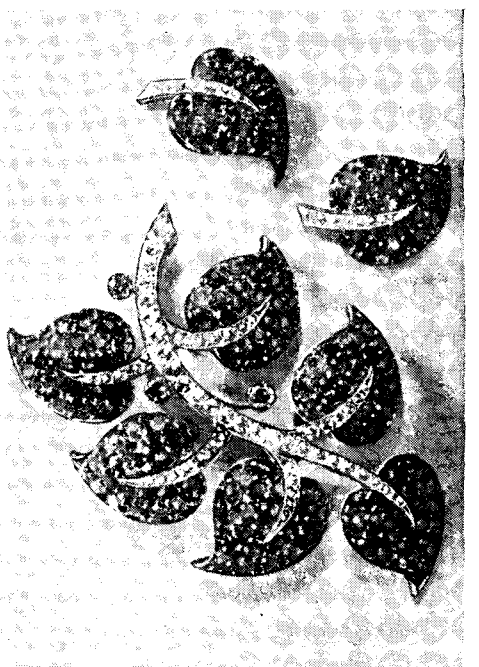

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

ONCE upon a time, grandmothers tried to dress and act as young as their flapper grandchildren, and gruesome were all the results of their desire for eternal hey-hey. Nowadays, to go by the evidence offered by the current collections of "college" clothes, the young firmly decline to look young, and I'm glad to see that their shamefaced elders are trying to emulate them—within limits, of course. "Separates," the jackets and skirts and blouses that can be switched around to make a surprising number of costumes, have been favorites of young people for some time, and now that manufacturers (very belatedly) have begun giving them better line, older women have started to adopt this easy, casual style. Daughter is less sloppy and Mother is more comfortable—a sensible meeting of minds if I ever heard of one. Barring clothes that try to cater to unpredictable regional campus fads and those that cater to the desire of many girls to look underprivileged, the college clothes being shown for this fall are as suitable to the slender woman's travelling and country life as they are to the undergraduate's quadrangle life.

This year, the separates for females of every age reveal a strong inclination toward natural camel's hair in color and toward bulkiness in fabrics, not only in jackets (where it is to be expected) but in skirts. Chinchilla cloth is all around again, looking wonderful, and you'll also see burlap (looking not in the least underprivileged), Teddy-bear cloth, a freak plush resembling broadtail, and other odd fabrics spattered among the familiar tweeds and flannels. Hardy materials, all of them. The manufacturers of electric irons must be having convulsions.

HIGH style in glorified burlap springs up all over Altman. A wide, gored burlap skirt with one big hip pocket is lined with cotton in the Black Watch tartan; $10.95. With it goes a long-sleeved cotton shirt in the same tartan; $6.95. If the fashionable look of this skirt does not compensate for its scratchiness, you might try a slightly flared tartan cotton one that has a separate burlap belt with flaps that top the deep patch pockets. A thigh-length burlap mandarin jacket goes over this. A gold-and-red wool tweed woven to simulate burlap (but much softer, naturally) makes battle jackets, at $22.95, or longish, fitted classic jackets, at $25. In either case, the accompanying skirt is straight, with a slightly off-center vertical fold in front and a buttoned-down hip pocket. Teddy-bear cloth, in brown or gray, makes a jacket that is fitted down to the hips and has big, loose sleeves and a chambray lining; $45. This job is pretty clumsy, though, on any save the boniest women, but in the world of fashion it is News. And loungers, both in the house and in the dormitory, who wish to be soignée might try separates in navy, dark green, gold, or red, made of that plush resembling broadtail. There are slim slacks, short fitted jackets with round, collarless necks, straight skirts with a fold down the center front and detachable belts, and fuller skirts with unpressed pleats across the front; $14.95 to $19.95. And a matter-of-fact cocoa-and-white nubby tweed makes a skirt with trouser pleats at the front and a double-breasted waist-length cape that has a turnover collar and only slits for your arms; $29.95.

There is chinchilla cloth at Bonwit Teller, in loose, hip-length cinnamon suits whose jackets have two fake breast pockets, two real hip pockets, and a navy wool jersey lining; $39.95. Their bulky skirts have a gored back and an inverted pleat in front or are cut straight and given a small slit at the hem in front; $17.95 and $14.95. Navy wool jersey blouses, with dolman sleeves and a tie arrangement at the throat, wait for you to choose them to complete the ensemble.

Saks Fifth Avenue use thick golden wool to produce a fitted double-breasted jacket with a stiffened, flared peplum across the front and a turnover collar that may be worn right up against your ears. This work of art is $29.95, and

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Saks think it should accompany navy corduroy slacks that are cut like dungarees and go for $12.95, but won't turn you down if you prefer a more formal skirt, pleated all around, of gray flannel, also $12.95, or of plaid wool, for $17.95. A lumberjacket of rust-colored wool has armholes that are cut right down to the waistline. It's $22.95. The skirt for it is also of wool, and has wide, unpressed pleats across the front and back; $14.95. One of the nicest gray wool jersey dresses in town has ribbed wool knit edging on the round neck and the cap sleeves. A narrow, braided leather belt, very like a dog leash, appears at the top of the softly pleated skirt. The price is $17.95.

Best's favorite separate skirts combine gray flannel with leopard fur. One, with unpressed pleats all around, has fur straps and a gold-metal buckle over each hipbone. Another is gathered on one hip and has a large leopard-fur patch pocket on the opposite hip. Each is $25.

Lord & Taylor are greatly interested in that natural-camel's-hair color. High on their agenda is a loose, hip-length jacket of wool in this hue, with a very low, belted back and raglan sleeves, at $24.95, ready to be combined with a matching skirt, at $17.95, that has slashed hip pockets and hook-and-eye fastenings at the front of the high waistband. This fabric also makes a suit consisting of a straight, waist-length jacket that has a turnover collar and four patch pockets, and a slim, gored skirt with a small slit at the center front; $45. Another wool ensemble in the same color—a longish, fitted jacket and a narrow, gored skirt with an inverted pleat low in the center front—has a beige-and-white wool Tattersall waistcoat; $75 all told. A Tattersall check is used, too, in Edwardian little-boy flannel jackets with straight fronts and slightly fitted backs; $24.95.

Jay Thorpe's junior department is fond of a one-piece dress with a short-sleeved bodice of green wool whose purple-and-green plaid turtle neck matches the skirt, which is all unpressed pleats. This is topped by a wool stole-jacket in the plaid, edged with green fringe and tying in a bow under the bosom—very saucy and by no means as weird as it sounds. The works is, or are, $35. A plaid wool stole goes with a matching wool skirt that is pleated all around and a blouse of yellow or red wool jersey in tuck-in cardigan style with long, raglan sleeves; the outfit comes to $29.95.

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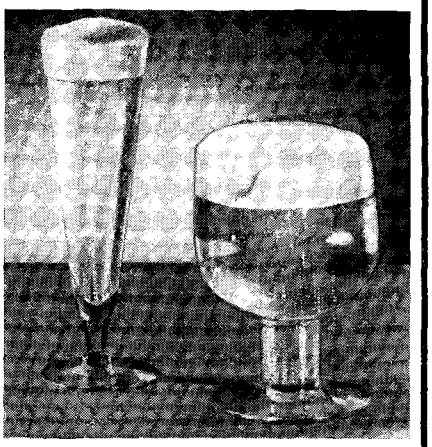

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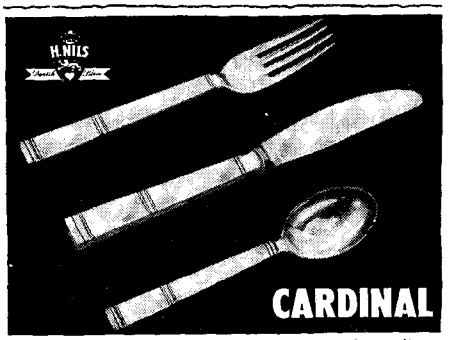

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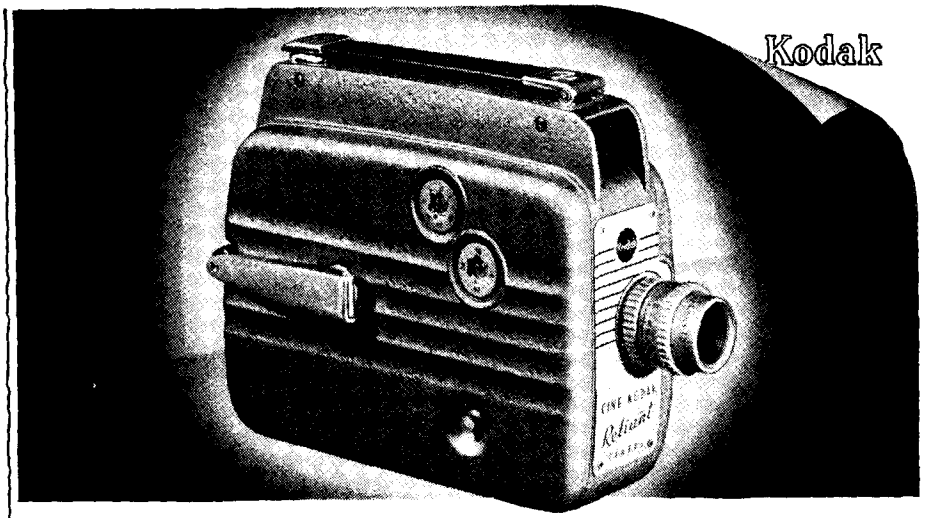
of the new addiction for separates, Peck & Peck have turned out a cardigan and slipon woollen sweater joined together at the sides. It can be worn turned around, if you like, so that it buttons down the back instead of down the front. This double helping, which is called the Penguin, comes in two shades of wine or green, or a combination of navy and powder blue; $12.95. Another useful but slightly unconventional item is a longish, fitted jacket in a dark-green, slate, or natural nylon that looks like taffeta. It has a zipper front, two patch pockets, and an adjustable belt across the back; $17.95. Suits of tartan worsteds, with long, slightly fitted jackets and gored skirts, are $67.95; matching three-quarter double-breasted box jackets lined with Teddy-bear cloth are $49.95.

Bloomingdale presents suède windbreakers in rust or camel's hair with the traditional standing collar, cuffs, and waistband of ribbed wool knit. They are $25. Gray flannel or camel's-hair wool skirts have an inverted pleat down the center front and a rust suède waistband; $12.95. There are other separates (carefully intended to be inseparable), such as a slim gray flannel skirt with a wide waistband of citron wool jersey, at $12.95, and a citron jersey tuck-in blouse with a turnover collar, three-quarter cuffed sleeves, and the omnipresent sloping shoulders, at $8.95. Here, too, the stole survives its overpopularity of the last few seasons, this time as a triangular contraption of camel's-hair wool, at $3.98, which pants to be allied with a skirt that has a huge box pleat down the center front and costs you $10.95.

Mary Lewis's suède jackets have variety in style as well as in colors. Some, at $17.95, are fitted and zip down the front; slightly longer ones, at $19.95, are buttoned and belted. Frontier jackets, for the same money, are equipped with fringe and leather buttons. Suède vests are $5.98.

THOSE coats that you can fling over almost anything woollen range all the way from the beloved boxy topper, through raincoats that often disguise their practicality sufficiently to serve as cocktail coats, to full-length town-or-travel coats. Bergdorf's new junior department has a first-class topper in a bright dark-blue chinchilla cloth; there's a red wool lining and red leather edging on the turnover collar and the pockets, and the price is $45. . . . Mary Lewis uses white curly lamb



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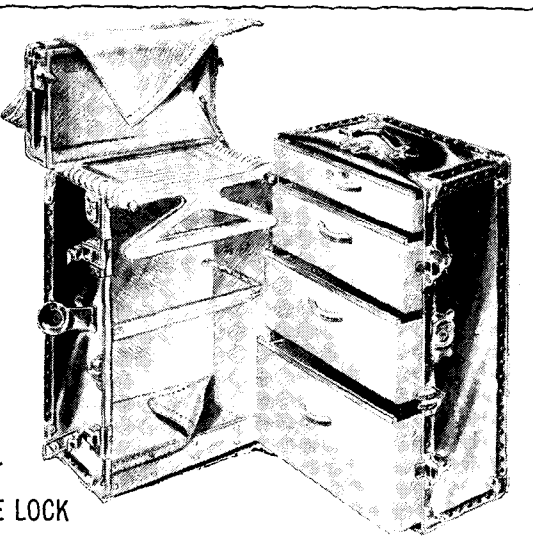

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to line hip-length, double-breasted toppers in royal, navy, green, or black wool, at $55. Single-breasted, tailored jackets with windbreaker sleeves have the same lining; $65. . . . De Pinna's three-quarter loose coat in green, navy, or black wool has enormous pockets; its wide collar and its lining are sheared raccoon masquerading as nutria. It's $110. De Pinna's version of the perennial reversible raincoat is of a water-repellent tortoise-shell tweed and plaid wool; $35. There is, surprisingly, a pleated skirt of water-repellent plaid to match, at $16.75. . . . Peck & Peck's reversible raincoats are likely to be of balmacaan cut, combining camel's-hair wool with a lighter shade of Celanese twill, or else Teddy-bear cloth and twill in gray, in beige, or in a combination of brown and tan. They are $69.95 and $65.95, respectively. Peck & Peck's raincoat copy of Jacques Griffe's coat, of corduroy in two shades of green, in gray and taupe, or in light tan and luggage, is very close to being high-fashion. It has a turnover collar and an inverted pleat down the center back; $39.95. . . . In Jay Thorpe's Casual Shop, the raincoat that can double for evening reaches a peak. It's a double-breasted affair with Schiaparelli implications, of red or teal-blue water-resistant cotton velveteen, with a wide, turnover collar, dropped shoulders, and an inverted pleat down the center back; $59.95. A single-breasted one in black or red water-resistant cotton velveteen has raglan sleeves, a turnover collar, and a bloused bodice held in by a curved, matching belt; $69.95. . . . Macy has done a topcoat in fireman's-red chinchilla cloth, three-quarter length and double-breasted, with a turnover collar that will reach to your ears. It has a detachable belt in back and costs no more than $37.50. . . . Lord & Taylor offer you a copy of Dior's long, loose wool topcoat in bright colors, of which the brightest is red. There are raglan sleeves and a back swinging wide. A turnover collar with a self tie gives it variety. Utterly beautiful, and $75. . . . Bergdorf's junior department has a perfect tweed coat for all ages and all town or travel problems—a fitted, gored business of navy-and-natural soft tweed, with an inverted pleat back of each hip, and deep pockets; $90.

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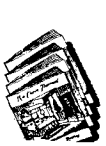

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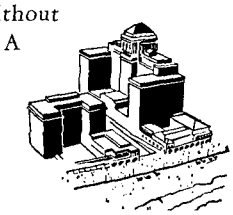

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

JULY 14, 1949

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IT is perilous at any time to take issue with a writer of Alva Johnston's reputation. It is doubly dangerous when one may be taking issue at the same time with Rex Stout, who, to judge by Mr. Johnston's recent Profile of him, could singlehanded out-argue a team made up of Sam Leibowitz, Casey Stengel, and Donald Duck. Nevertheless, I am going to take issue with Mr. Johnston and let Mr. Stout shoulder his way into the matter if he feels like it.

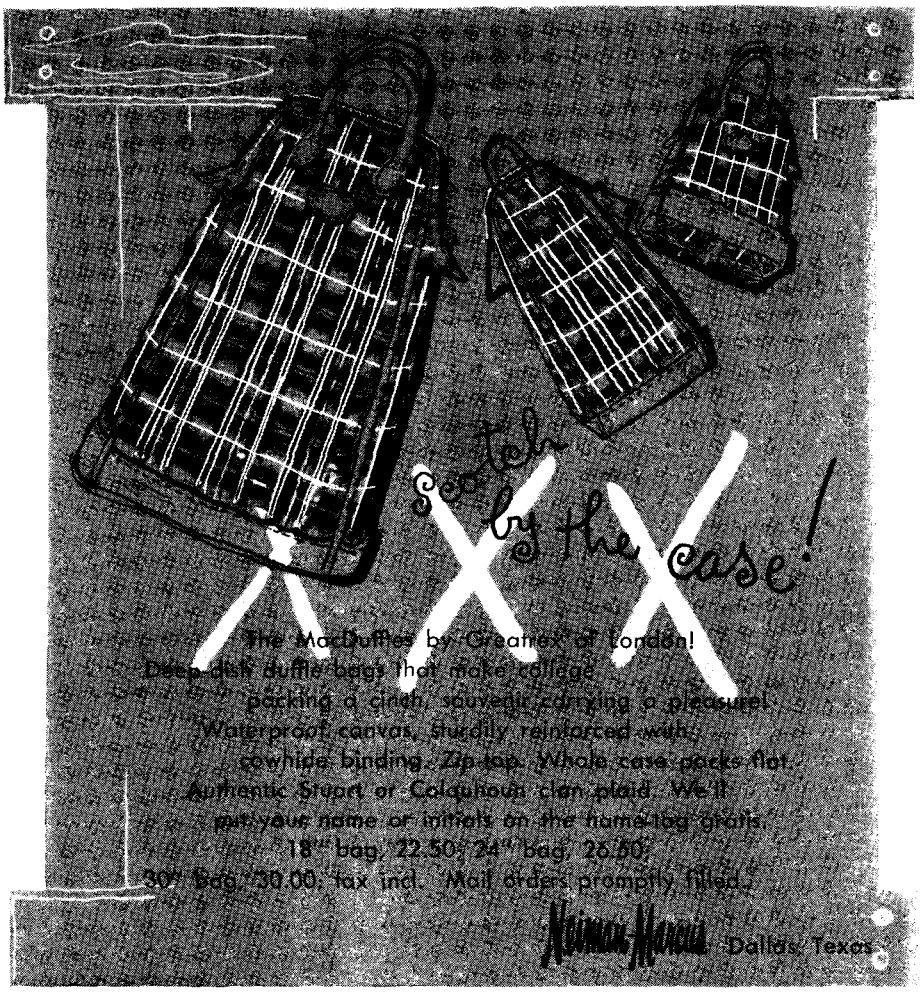
In the Profile of Mr. Stout, Mr. J. says, "John Wallace Stout [Rex Stout's father] had an extraordinary library. It consisted of about twelve hundred volumes of biography, history, fiction, philosophy, science, and poetry. Rex had read them all by the time he was eleven."

I just plain don't believe this assertion. I say that it is impossible for an eleven-year-old boy, Stout or not Stout, to have read twelve hundred assorted volumes of printed matter, especially of such printed matter as must have been in the Stout home fifty-odd years ago. It was a windy era, and books ran long.

Let us say, since Mr. Johnston does not state otherwise, that Rex Stout began reading books—honest, three-pound books—at the age of six. That allows him five years, or 1,826 days. (1896 was a leap year.) On the next factor in this computation, let us give Mr. Johnston's statement a break; let us say that the twelve hundred volumes averaged three hundred pages apiece. In reality, they probably averaged many more pages than that. No thrifty Quaker of that time would have handed out good money for a skinny little book of less than four or five hundred pages.

Well, twelve hundred volumes of three hundred pages each is three hundred and sixty thousand pages. That means that for five years, from the time he was six until he was eleven, this spare-time bookworm was devouring a hundred and ninety-seven pages of heavy stuff every single day, without fail.

Now, a person *could* easily read a hundred and ninety-seven pages a day, although I deem it unlikely that any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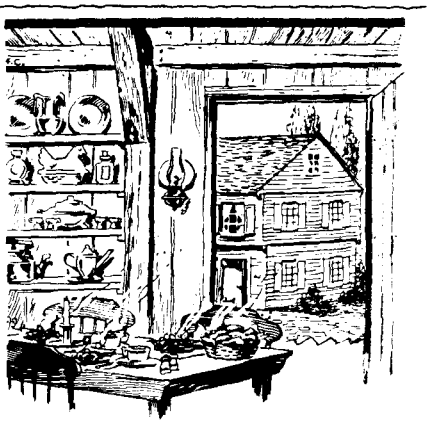

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BETTER PUT red circles around Monday Aug. 29 and Tuesday Sept. 6. That's when two of the best shows on any air return to CBS-TV: *The Goldbergs* and *Suspense*.

so, but by Mr. Johnston's own account the young Stout was not a lad with a one-track mind. He was doing plenty of other things that took time. To clarify my position in all this, I have jotted down my own estimate—arbitrary, of course—of what the boy was up to:

YOUNG REX STOUT'S DAY

School[1]	4 hours
Travel time to and from school[2]	2 hours
Sleep	8 hours
Mathematical wizardry[3]	2 hours
Meals	2 hours
Ghost exorcising and such sundries	½ hour
Going to church[4]	1 hour
Committing routine annoyances[5]	2 hours
Natural odds and ends	½ hour
Total	22 hours
Left for reading	2 hours

[1]If this figure seems low, it is because it is estimated on a *yearly* basis, allowing for vacations. As for holidays, I couldn't be bothered figuring them in.

[2]At one place in the Profile, I got the impression that the nearest school was nine miles away and thus involved a round trip of eighteen miles. So, considering the transportation of the period, I figure the portal-to-portal time expenditure, spread over a seven-day week, must have averaged about two hours a day.

[3]Mr. Johnston tells fully of the tyke's mathematical prowess and of the exhibitions of it he gave, indicating that he spent a good deal of time on this branch of tiresomeness. I've let it go, conservatively, at two hours daily.

[4]Come to look back at the Profile, it was the church and not the school that I took to be nine miles away, but, at that, the church was probably near the school, and since this garrulous lad Stout used to engage his Sunday-school teacher in arguments about such things as the possibility of changing water into wine, the whole process of Sunday-school attending must have used up seven hours a week, or an average of one hour a day. In debating a much simpler feat—turning wine into water—I have heard arguments continue for weeks and months between certain saloon proprietors accused of this metamorphosis and the customers at the bar, so I think my estimate is fair.

[5]I am moved to explain here that Rex Stout between the ages of six and eleven does not appeal to me as the most entrancing of youngsters, at least as set forth by Mr. Johnston. To put it another way, if his duplicate were up for adoption this minute, my dear ones and I would take a distinctly bleak attitude toward any effort to fob him off on us. Therefore, I have assumed that the lad set aside an hour or so a day for being a nuisance generally, purely as a matter of routine.

My reasoning thus far compels me either to accept the deduction that young Rex Stout read a hundred and ninety-seven pages in two hours of every day from the age of six to the age of eleven or to reject the deduction. I reject the deduction. That would be ninety-eight and a half pages an hour, or about 1.6 pages a minute. Mostly heavy stuff, too—biography, history, philosophy, science, poetry. I simply don't believe it. Not for 1.6 minutes do I believe it.

Sincerely,
JOHN MCNULTY

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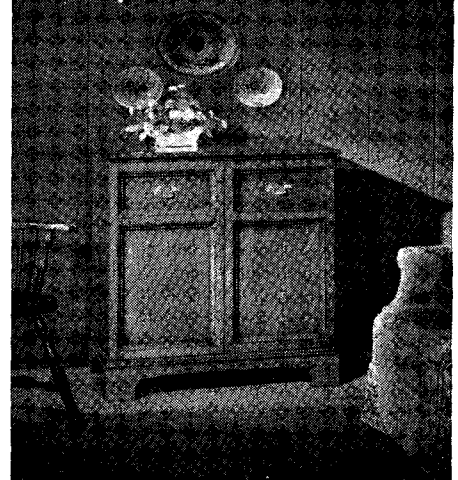
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through it with his lips moving. But Mr. McNulty is wrong in assuming that everybody is like that. There are the camera-eye readers, like Clifton Fadiman, the late Carr V. Van Anda, of the New York *Times*, and the late Garret McEnerney, of San Francisco, who have the faculty of photostatting a whole page on their minds in a very few seconds. Then there are, of course, the three supernatural whippersnappers—John Stuart Mill, who did his research in infancy and started writing histories at six and a half; Macaulay, who had read enough to do a universal history at nine; and James (The Admirable) Crichton, who at seventeen went about challenging the scholars of Europe to debate with him on any subject in any one of twelve languages. Rex Stout didn't need to be a precocious child to read twelve hundred books. According to the correct statistics, he read at the average rate of one book every fifty-four hours. Books have been written faster than that. Mr. McNulty errs in supposing that a real reader stops reading because he happens to be doing something else. He is wrong in thinking that it is impossible to read and exorcise a ghost at the same time. Brutus barely looks up from his book to sneer Julius Caesar's ghost off the stage. As a matter of fact, the traditional method of exorcising ghosts and devils was to read them out. A boy bookworm doesn't allow ghosts or school to cut into his reading time. He reads walking or riding to and from school, and he reads in school. A real reader reads at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and a special bookrack has been made so that he can read in the bathtub. Lord Chesterfield, urging his son to make every moment count, recommended the example of the man who read his way through all the Latin poets in the outhouse. A determined reader keeps on reading under almost any circumstances. The textbooks tell about Elihu Burritt, the Learned Blacksmith, who read while he pumped air into the forge or worked at anything else that left one arm free. Mayor Hylan was fired from his job as a B.-M.T. motorman for reading books while going around curves, and James Cagney lost his Wall Street job when he was found deep in "Jean-Christophe" during a particularly stormy session of the Curb Market. A real reader doesn't allow any diversion to interfere with his reading. The old *Morning Sun* had a scoop on a theatregoer who, taking a seat near a dim light in a Bowery theatre, read [illegible]

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Empire" all through a bloodcurdling melodrama, looking up occasionally to hiss the villain. Everybody has heard about Queen Isabella and the small bookcase she had built into her saddle so that she could read while horseback riding. A real reader is a desperate man. Omar believed in mixing and blending his pleasures, but he gave books top billing over wine and women. Barrie only held the mirror up to nature when he made his hero burglarize a neighbor's house night after night to read the neighbor's books. Gamaliel Ratsey, the Elizabethan highwayman, waylaid monks to make them read him Latin orations and waylaid Shakespeare's troupe on tour to make them read him a play. True-crime addicts remember Dr. Arthur Warren Waite, the bookish murderer, who became incensed when they interrupted his reading to lead him to the electric chair. The reading mania is not confined to any age group. Out in New Mexico, they still talk about the Old Bookworm, a onetime New York financier who retired to a hacienda, moved his bed into the library, never left the room in the last decade of his life, ate his meals with a book in his hand, and finally died with a book in his hand, his volumes being found after his death to constitute the second-greatest library of pornography in the world.

ALVA JOHNSTON

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From Lou Smith's column in the Cincinnati Inquirer*]

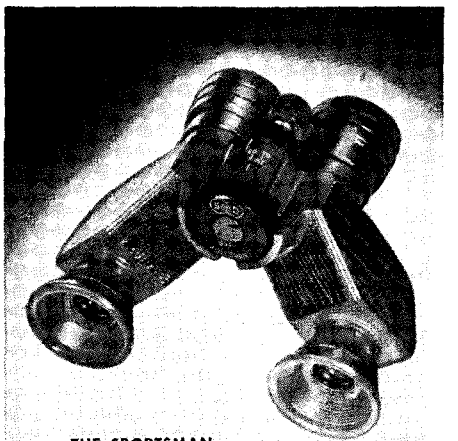
There is a rumor making the rounds in these parts that some clubs keep their jackrabbit baseballs in deepfreeze lockers and then thaw them out. This causes the horsehide covers to sweat like iced highball glasses from melted frost and then, in drying, shrink even tighter, until the ball has the velocity of a golf ball.
—*June 7th.*

We have noted an increase of football tactics at home plate and second base. The boys were just warming up to this a year ago. Now you see runners going five and ten feet out of their way, and ignoring the bag completely, to cut down an opponent and try and break up a double play. Umpires have the option of deciding whether a pivot man was accidentally cut down or whether the smashup was intentional. As yet we have not seen an umps call it
—*June 7th.*

[*From Jimmy Powers' column in the New York Daily News*]

There is grandstand gossip some clubs keep the balls in deep freeze lockers and then thaw them out. This causes the horsehide cover to sweat like iced highball glasses from melted frost and then, in *drying, shrink even* tighter until the pill has the velocity of a golf ball.

We have noted an increase in football tactics at home plate and second base. The boys were just warming up to this a year ago. Now you see runners going 10 and 15 feet out of their way, and ignoring the bag entirely, to cut down an opponent and try to break up a double play. Umpires have the option of deciding whether a pivot man was accidentally cut down or whether the smash-up was intentional. As yet, no umpire has had the courage to call it intentional.—*June 1st.*



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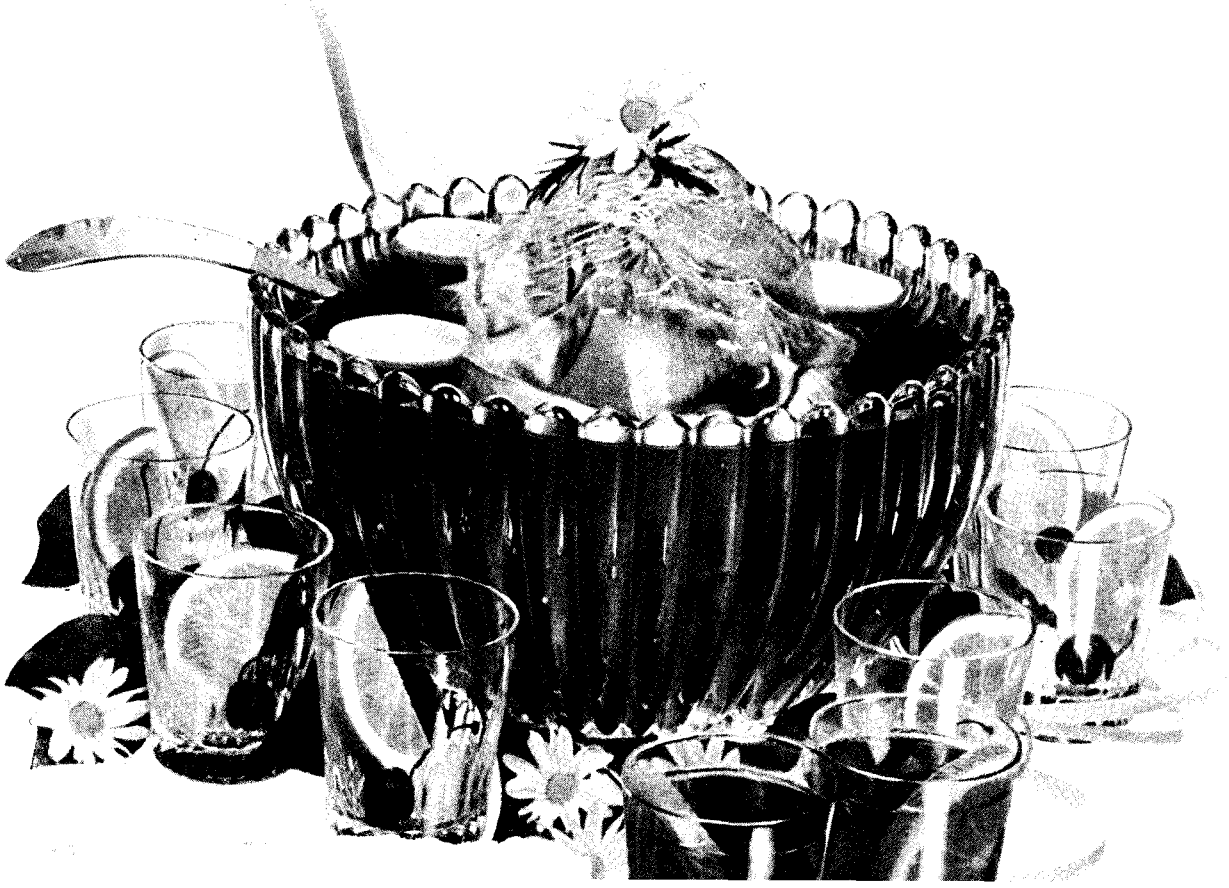

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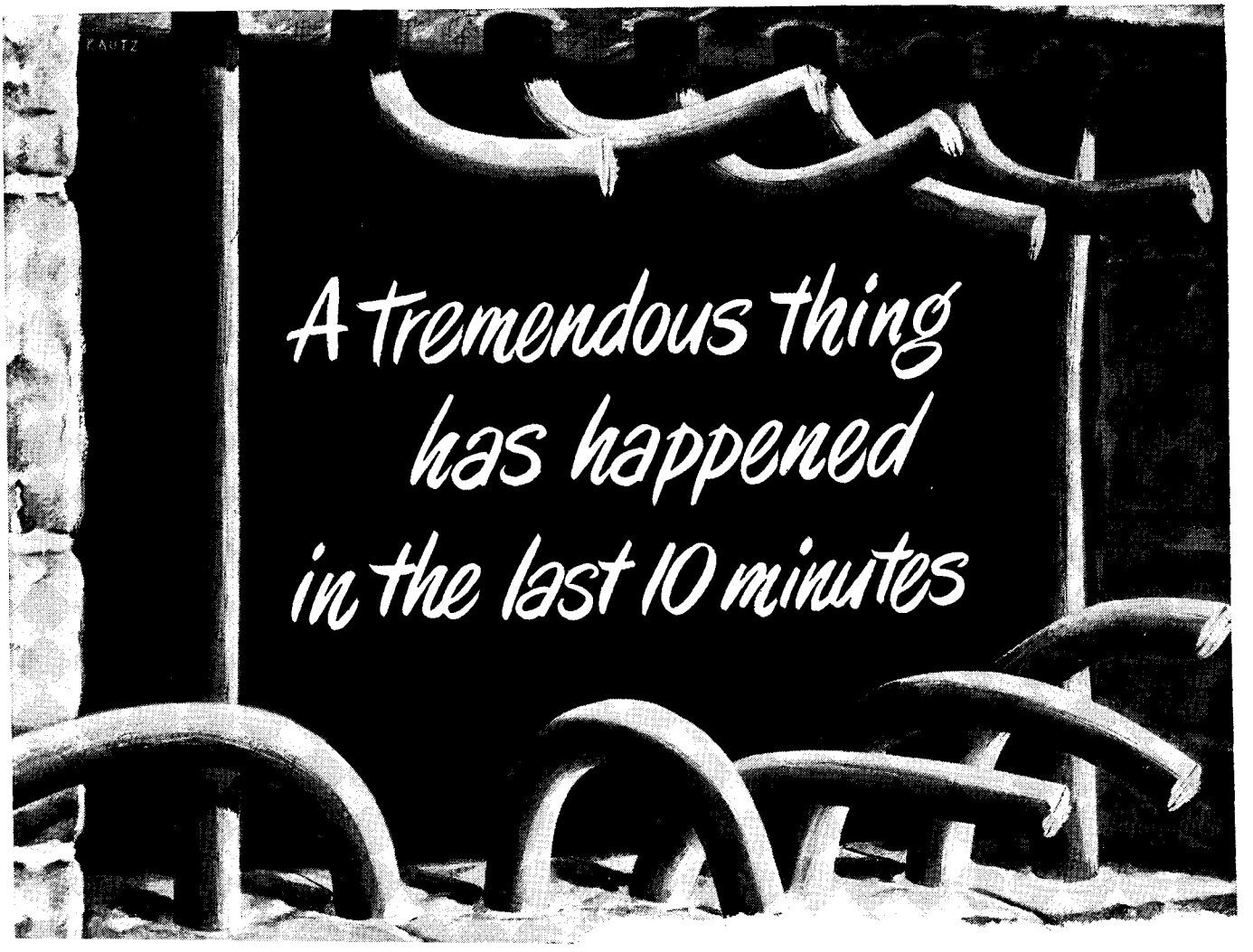

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OUT OF TOWN

P.S. on Rural Dining

SO many new restaurants have sprung up in the greater metropolitan area since the war that it's almost impossible to keep abreast of them. I had no sooner finished what I thought were reasonably complete investigations of nearby spots in New York and Connecticut and on Long Island than I came across two really outstanding places and one very good one, all of which have opened since the first of the year.

At Massé's, near Croton Falls (Route 22 through Croton Falls, then left on Route 100 for about two hundred yards; Croton Falls 960), I had a fine dinner in extremely pleasant surroundings—a big old house, set back in deep woods by a small stream, agreeably cool and dark. The trees provide plenty of shade during the day without cutting off the breeze, and the food is superb. It should be, because Paul Massé, who does the cooking (he also owns La Chaumière, on East Fifty-sixth Street), is, according to all accounts, one of the greatest living chefs; his walls are covered with framed testimonials to his skill from here and abroad, some of them dating as far back as 1906. I would advise prospective diners to be sure to telephone ahead; M. Massé is disinclined to accommodate people who drop in without warning. The other outstanding new spot I visited is Le Postillon, on the east side of the Boston Post Road, in Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 9-5048). It's not far from the road, but even so the constant thunder of passing heavy trucks is no more than a murmur. The service is intelligent and sympathetic, and there is a surprisingly large choice of excellent French provincial dishes.

The Jolly Fisherman, a brand-new restaurant in Norwalk, alongside the Merritt Parkway (Norwalk 8-3246), is very good if you like sea food; the only concession to meat eaters is a hamburger platter. The place is air-conditioned, too.

EMILY SHAW'S INN (we're back among old favorites now), in Poundridge (Bedford Village 9371), with its four dining rooms, bar, terrace, and first-class American food, is familiar to thousands, but the new way the management has solved the problem of serving cold cocktails in hot weather may not be so well known. The trick is simple that I'm surprised someone didn't hit on it long ago. The mixings for Martinis and Manhattans, along with thick, cylindrical cocktail glasses, are stored in an icebox until ordered, with the result that the glasses get so thoroughly chilled that a drink is bound to stay cold until you've finished it.

To judge by the crowds that flock to the White Turkey Inn, about four miles north of Danbury, on Route 7 (Danbury 2667), I must be almost alone in my feeling that it's a bit tearoomy, because of its candlelight and its platoons of hostesses—or maybe more people like tearooms than I realized. Anyhow, the food is nicely cooked, if somewhat on the plain side, and the grounds and the Colonial building have a great deal of charm.

A few miles south of the White Turkey Inn, on Route 35, in Ridgefield, is the Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120), a rambling white clapboard structure with a good tennis court and beautiful landscaping. It and the Stirrup-Cup, in Norwalk, are the only places I know of where baked-lobster pie is on the menu.

For New Yorkers who want to dine as close to the city as possible, there is always Mori's, just this side of Manhasset, off Route 25A (Manhasset 7-1842). It's a prewar standby that manages to convey a feeling of rural tranquillity despite its nearness to the city. Most nights, you have to wait around for the better part of an hour if you haven't made a reservation.

A GOOD bet for shore dinners is City Island, where practically every other building on City Island Avenue is devoted to such menus. It is fairly accessible by motor, via the Hutchinson River Parkway to Pelham Bay Park, and the bridges that lead to the island. Among the most satisfactory places, I'd say, are Thwaites, Ryan's, the Riviera, and the Lobster Box, with the Lobster Box coming out a shade in front because of its splendid view of the Sound. —R. S. P.

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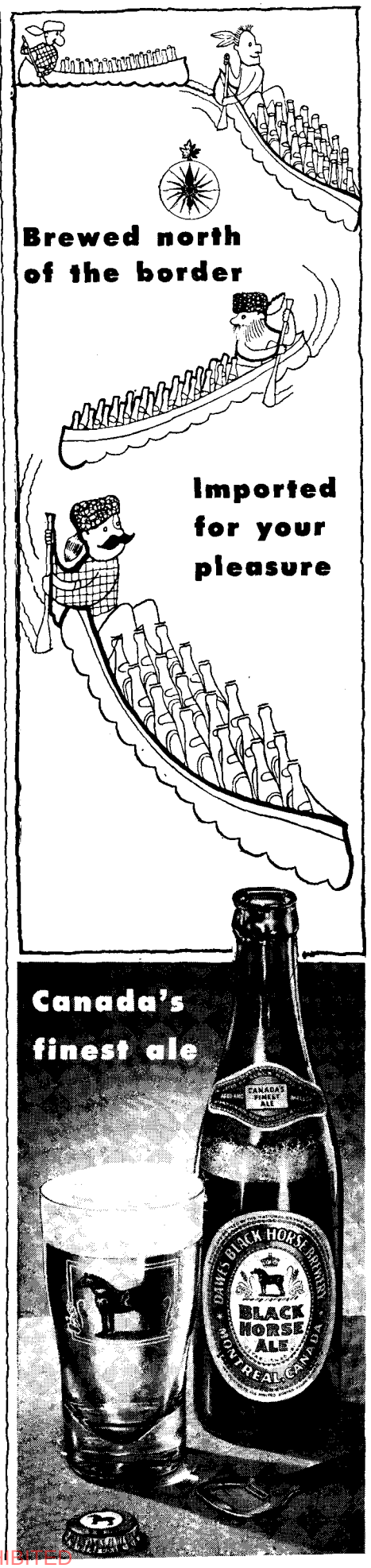
DRAWINGS—An exquisitely selected collection, covering pretty nearly every school from the sixteenth century to the late-nineteen-hundreds.—*The New Yorker.*



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MUSICAL EVENTS

May Day at Loxford

AS it happens, I do not hold a membership card in the Benjamin Britten cult, but I am about to apply for one as a result of hearing Britten's opera "Albert Herring," presented for the first time in this country a week ago Monday by the Opera Department of the Berkshire Music Center, at Tanglewood. Britten and his librettist, Eric Crozier, deserve some sort of words-and-music Croix de Guerre. For one thing, we are confronted with a believable story, involving believable people. There isn't an entombed and lovesick Egyptian princess, a tubercular bohemian, or a down-at-the-heels and hairy demigod on the premises. The story, as simple and lovely as a nursery tale, takes place in the East Suffolk village of Loxford at the turn of the century. Loxford has always been a happy, easygoing place, where the boys go out with the girls and occasionally get home a little late and slightly rumpled, but in the eyes of the town's better element—the local aristocratic dowager, the mayor, the vicar, the leading merchant, the superintendent of police—it is rapidly becoming more wicked than Sodom, Gomorrah, Marseille, and Los Angeles combined. "Something must be done!" cries the mayor. "Strong measures are essential *now!*" shouts the vicar. "Shocking business! I won't have it!" shrieks the dowager. The town worthies, who are about to choose a May Queen, find themselves completely stumped. No local girl is considered sufficiently pure. For example, one candidate, Winifred Brown, "went with her cousin from Kent for a trip in a dogcart one Sunday in Lent." Edith Chase? "Much too flighty. When the postman called one day, she opened the door in her nightie!" And so it goes, through every girl in town. In desperation, the committee decides to choose a May King, and for this dubious honor they select one Albert Herring, a twenty-two-year-old sissy greengrocer, who works for his mama, minds his parsnips, and never, never goes out with the girls. The committee offers him twenty-five pounds, a banquet, and a wreath of orange blos-

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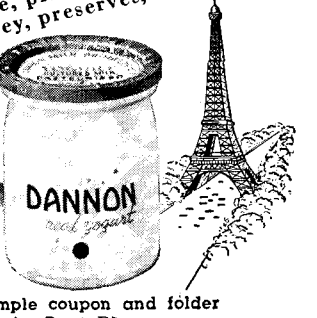

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but Mama, a harridan, is thrilled beyond calculation and forces him to accept the role. To make a short story even shorter (Crozier, by the way, adapted his plot from de Maupassant's "Le Rosier de Mme. Husson"), Albert gets quietly potted at the banquet when a rakish butcher puts rum in his lemonade, and subsequently disappears on a stolen bicycle, headed for nearby pubs. Next morning, his orange-blossom wreath is found on the road, covered with mud and crushed, apparently by a cart. It is generally assumed that the dear boy has passed to his virtuous reward, and there is widespread lamentation. Albert turns up, of course, quite hung over and uncommonly surly, and tells his mother off. He has become, in the common phrase, a man.

Well, there's the plot. I have laid stress upon it because Britten, in his most sardonic, witty, and felicitous manner, has laid stress upon it. His score is devotedly attached to the story. He has written, truly, an opera. He has created musically a strikingly engaging village, and he has musically delineated each character with astonishing clarity. In "Albert Herring," words and music are as one, and the result is triumphant. The night I heard the opera (there were a number of different singers the following night), practically all hands seemed eminently suited to their parts. I was particularly impressed with David Lloyd, the Herring; Janet Southwick, a proper schoolteacher; Eleanor Davis, the dreadful mama; and James Pease, the vicar. Mr. Pease maintained throughout the evening an air of pained piety that was a complete delight, and his voice struck me as being nothing short of extraordinary. My only quarrel would be with Ellen Faull, as Lady Billows, the dowager; she demonstrated a tendency to overshadow her excellent singing with some rather poor acting. Boris Goldovsky conducted the orchestra and, with Sarah Caldwell, directed the enterprise, and he should be given several echoing cheers.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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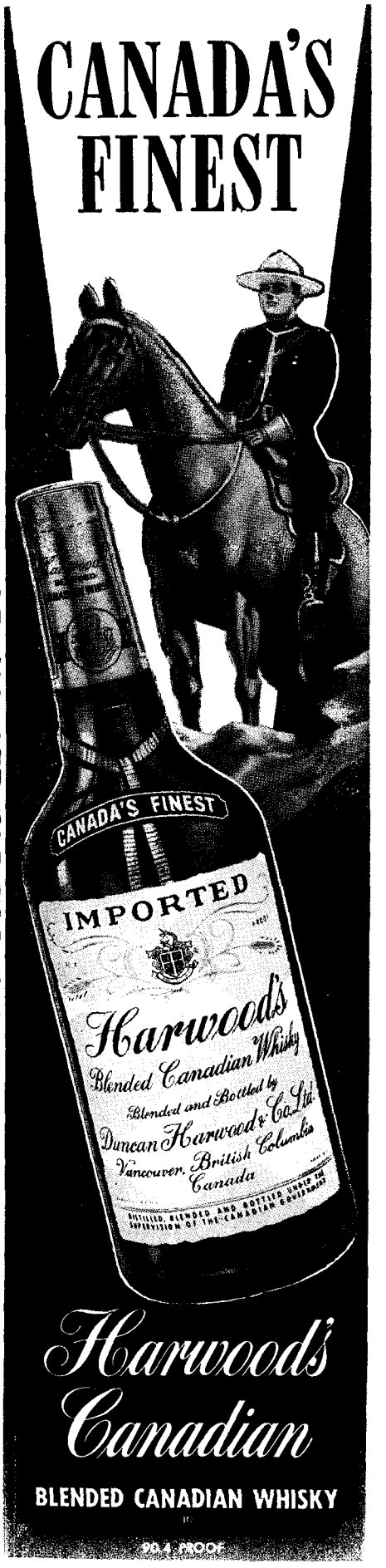

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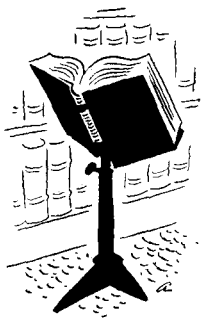
BOOKS

The O'Hara Report and the Wit of Miss McCarthy



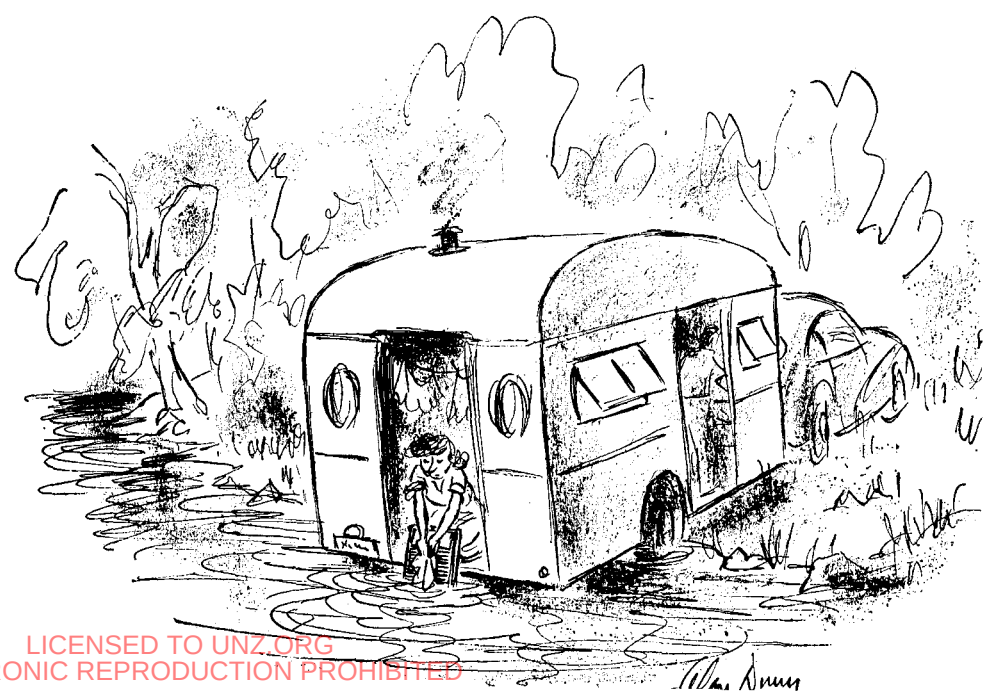
"THE present volume is a progress report from a case history study on human sex behavior." So, bumpily but with a certain grandeur, begins the first chapter of the Kinsey-Pomeroy-Martin whodunit, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." Translated into less gravelly English, this quotation from last year's romantic best-seller would make a pretty accurate description of what will probably be one of this year's best-sellers, the enormous new novel by John O'Hara, entitled "A Rage to Live" (Random House). The parallels between the Kinsey Report and the O'Hara Report are unmistakable. The authors not only share a major theme but have a similar interest in determining the extent to which the various classes in our society can be distinguished from one another in terms of what they do about sex and then in terms of what they *think* about what they do about sex. Dr. Kinsey is perhaps the leading professional student of this subject and as such has had the advantage of having numerous assistants, as well as the financial backing of the Rockefeller Foundation. Dr. O'Hara, our leading amateur, has had to go it alone, at his own expense. On the other hand, O'Hara has long been one of the most prominent figures in the profession of letters, while Kinsey, an old gall-wasp man, is a taxonomist first and a literary craftsman second.

Granted that Kinsey has the edge in statistics and O'Hara in style, the layman's immediate response to "A Rage to Live," as to the earlier, pioneer work, is likely to be one of uncritical admiration for the amount of scholarly research involved. This feeling is soon displaced, however, by one of depression, and eventually of suffocation, for the reader who begins by being ashamed of having paid so little heed to the true nature of the human condition ends by being convinced, half against his will, that the investigation of sexual practices had better be left, as it always used to be, not to the expert but to the young. It was predicted last year that the Kinsey Report would open our eyes and [illegible] of the it appears that the Report put more people to sleep than it awakened, and numbed our minds instead of jolting them. The recurrent passages of maudlin sexuality in "A Rage to Live," complete even to so worn a stencil as the prostitute with a loving heart and a high I.Q., may have the same effect. If so, it will be all the sadder, because the author has plainly intended to do more than out-Kinsey Kinsey; he has intended, indeed, to write nothing less than a great American novel.

There was reason enough for this ambition. "A Rage to Live" is O'Hara's first novel in eleven years and comes exactly fifteen years after "Appointment in Samarra," which was, and is, an almost perfect book—taut, vivid, tough-minded, and compassionate. In the period between "Appointment in Samarra" and "A Rage to Live," O'Hara published two other novels—the successful "Butterfield 8" and the inconclusive "Hope of Heaven"—and five volumes of short stories, many of which are as good as anything in the language. Within the tight framework of these stories, apparently so small in compass but nearly always so explosive in force, O'Hara was able to take the measure of an astonishing variety of subjects, describing for us, with or without sex but with every appearance of authenticity, the customs of such dissimilar outposts of civilization as Hollywood, Stockbridge, Washington, D.C., and Hobe Sound, as well as half a dozen New Yorks—Wall Street, Jackson Heights, the Village, Fifty-second Street, Beekman Place, Riverside Drive. But it is an unbreakable convention of our time that a man who has written novels goes on writing novels, and perhaps partly for this reason, but surely for other deeper and more compelling reasons, O'Hara sat down and doggedly accumulated "A Rage to Live," which must be about as long as his three previous novels put together and which bears little or no resemblance to any of them.

A sprawling book, discursive and prolix, ranging in time from 1877 to 1947, and full of a multitude of semi-detached characters and subplots, what "A Rage to Live" *does* resemble is one of those "panoramic," three-or-four-generation novels that writers of the third and fourth magnitude turn out in such disheartening abundance. Dr. O'Hara's handy guide to healthy sex practices has been tucked inside the disarming wrapper of the formula family novel, and one result of this odd combination is the loss of the old sure-fire, ice-cold O'Hara dialogue. Here, for example, is Sidney Tate addressing his wife, Grace Caldwell Tate, the heroine of the novel, on the subject of her affair with a cheap, lower-middle-class Irish contractor:

> . . . you see, in this world you learn a set of rules, *or* you *don't* learn them. But assuming you learn them, you stick by them. They may be no damn good, but you're who you are and what you are be-



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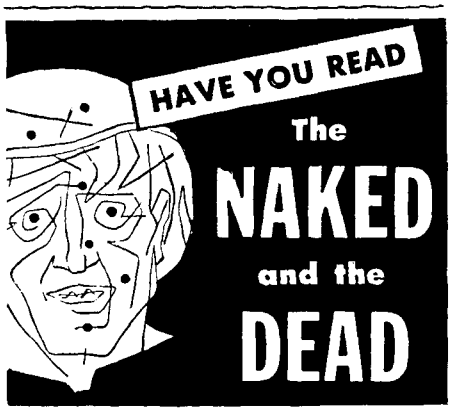

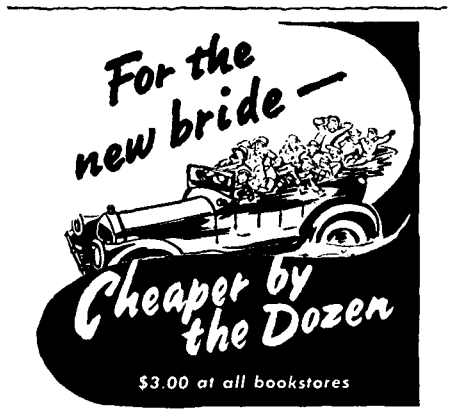

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cause they're your rules and you stick by them. And of course when it's easy to stick by them, that's no test. It's when it's hard to obey the rules, that's when they mean something. That's what I believe, and I always thought you did too. I'm the first, God knows, to grant that you, with your beauty, you had opportunities or invitations. But you obeyed the rules, the same rules I obeyed. But then you said the hell with them. What it amounts to is you said the hell with my rules, and the hell with me. So, Grace—the hell with you. I love you, but if I have any luck, that'll pass, in my new life.

Now, if this sounds like something out of an old *Redbook*, one is prepared at first to account for it on the ground that Tate is a Yale man, but no, he is the closest thing to a hero in the novel, and his ethics appear to be those of the author. That passage is, in fact, the intellectual high point of the book, and from there it grinds slowly downhill, through Sidney's death and a few more love affairs for Grace, to a sinister postlude, in which we learn that all the surviving characters have turned more or less physically into swine. In "Appointment in Samarra," there was nothing about Julian English that we did not know and want to know, but Grace Caldwell Tate is a fatally uninteresting woman, and her rage to live rarely amounts to more than pique. It is hard to understand how one of our best writers could have written this book, and it is because of O'Hara's distinction that his failure here seems in the nature of a catastrophe.

WHATEVER "The Oasis" (Random House), by Mary McCarthy, may be called—a long short story, a novella, a short novel—it is an absolutely unmitigated triumph of wit and writing skill. The scheme of the book is as simple as can be. Miss McCarthy establishes a utopia of urban intellectuals on a New England mountaintop and lets us watch their disintegration as they seek to dig in on the glassy slopes of their hitherto untested ideals. We perceive at once that the experiment will not work, that it cannot work, but the note on which Miss McCarthy ends her pastoral parable is not one of despair but one of cheerful assent to the malevolent conditions of life. "Ultimately, Utopia would fail; that was to be expected. But it might survive for many months or for years, if the production of a commodity more tangible than morality could be undertaken. Morality did not keep well. . . ." Miss McCarthy has a mind of terrifying clarity, and she writes like a fallen angel by turns humorous

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this little book that does not make us smile or laugh aloud, and always at ourselves. —Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Revolt in San Marcos, by Robert Carver North (Houghton Mifflin). An impressive first novel, which succeeds in expressing Mr. North's very lucid, if unoptimistic, thoughts about our current political dilemmas and demonstrates his strong flair for out-of-the-ordinary locale and character. Tracing the process of enlightenment of a Central American Indian from his original state of happy primitive belief to his final one of depressed political sophistication, Mr. North achieves both a well-dimensioned hero and a most effective essay on the reason some of our neighbors to the south regularly blow up in the State Department's face. The Indian, who persists in wondering why morals are so often irrelevant to politics, first suffers at the hands of a classic bush-league dictator, then finds solace in Marxism, and experiences his ultimate disillusionment while serving as lieutenant to a jadedly realistic liberal. Mr. North's conception of the local Communists seems a trifle idealized, but his not too imaginary republic is otherwise a striking job.

The Old Bank House, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). Mrs. Thirkell, chattering along, as usual, in a style that contains elements of a teatime conversation and a breathless personal diary, takes her readers for another leisurely ramble through the mythical section of England she calls Barsetshire. Now and again, she picks up such threads of plot as the minor postwar reorientation of an amiable vicar's four children and the gradual acceptance by the countryfolk of a roughhewn but good-hearted industrialist. Mrs. Thirkell still shows signs of chafing under what she obviously feels to be the absurdities perpetrated by England's present government, but the way in which her characters preserve both their humor and the amenities indicates that in Barsetshire, at least, no one's spirit has flagged noticeably.

The Mudlark, by Theodore Bonnet (Doubleday). An entertainingly plausible explanation, offered in a proper pseudo-historical style, for the eventual emergence of Queen Victoria from semi-retirement after the

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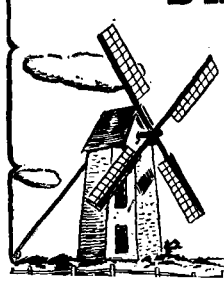

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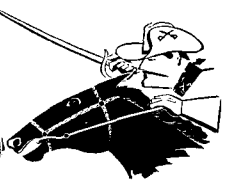

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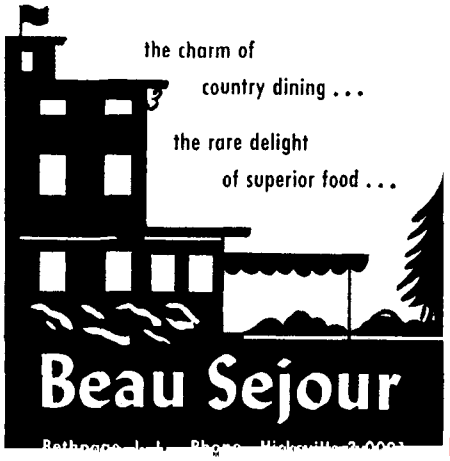

Bonnet has ingeniously ascribed this event to the repercussions occasioned by a London ragamuffin's unintentional intrusion into the sovereign's private chambers at Windsor Castle. In his elaboration on this concept, the sightseeing waif's sudden encounter with his ruler causes such a furor inside and outside the royal residence that the matter reaches the floor of Parliament, where it is adroitly used by Benjamin Disraeli as a lever to pry the Queen from her seclusion. Mr. Bonnet's British characterizations and his spoofing of historians are both subtle and lively. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August.

GENERAL

THE EAGLE IN THE EGG, by Oliver La Farge (Houghton Mifflin). During the war, the author was chief historian of the Air Transport Command and in that capacity supervised the writing of an official history that runs to fifty manuscript volumes. This book is partly a distillation of that work, partly personal reporting, and partly a philosophical essay on the "new, hopeful, frightening thing that transport aviation has become." The highly dramatic story starts one week after Pearl Harbor, when a group of airmen met in Washington to consider the problem of supplying two vast fronts of a world war with only twenty-six assorted and inadequate transport planes, and reaches its climax three and a half years later, when the A.T.C. flew the first wave of Occupation troops to Japan—two fully equipped divisions, with all the necessary jeeps, tractors, bulldozers, small aircraft, and fuel—in an eleven-day period, without upsetting the Command's schedules in other parts of the world. To a thoughtful observer like Mr. La Farge, this overpowering demonstration of skill and national vigor has a profound and sobering meaning; there are no bugle calls in his writing, and none of the boasting that characterizes so much ex-post-facto writing about the war. A minor work of art.

THE MATURE MIND, by H. A. Overstreet (Norton). An inspirational work that, for a change, appeals to the mind. The author reduces the complex of ills that plague human society to one cause—immaturity. To be sure, his interpretation of immaturity embraces a great deal. The Greeks killed Socrates, he says, because they were not mature enough

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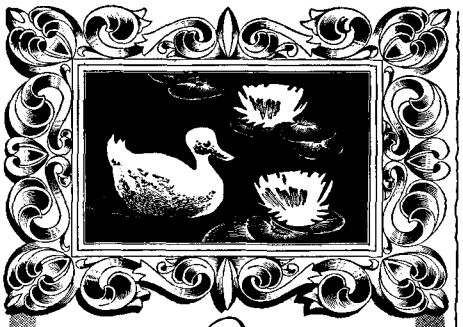

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irrefutable truth; the Renaissance, for all its brilliant creativeness, would have been an even more magnificent period had it been less adolescent; Karl Marx, a genius at analyzing the destructive elements in modern civilization, was prevented by the predominant immaturity of his century from perceiving that the way to remove those elements was not by setting men and classes against each other but by pointing out that the human race is the same everywhere. Dr. Overstreet's argument is a flow of cool common sense. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for August.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TRIAL AND TERROR, by Lawrence Treat (Morrow). Miss Irene Venice, a New York art critic, is, to quote the author, a young woman beset by many problems and uncertainties. For example, one of her friends, an art dealer, is on trial for murdering another friend, a collector, and a third friend has at one time or another divorced almost every gentleman in her ingrown little circle. What is more, Miss Venice herself has authenticated the doubtful painting on which the whole case hinges, making things even more difficult for her fiancé, the lawyer in charge of the defense. Somehow, things get straightened out, and rather neatly, too, although many readers will find their heads spinning before they're finished.

THE RESTLESS HANDS, by Bruno Fischer (Dodd, Mead). Ben Helm, one of our better-adjusted private ops, is retained by a leading citizen of a Hudson River town to try to keep his younger daughter from being strangled—a fate that befell her sister just a year before. Helm's list of suspects is on the pastoral side, but since it also includes a small-time racketeer with metropolitan connections, the detective meets with the requisite amount of gunplay before he's tidied things up. Solid tough stuff, with a better-than-average background.

•

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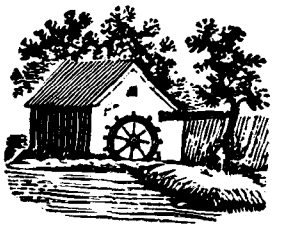

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